

CANNON

BALL

1917



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Cannon Ball

1917

Edited by
The Senior College Class
The Junior College Class
The Senior Academic Class
of Blackstone College



GEORGE P. ADAMS

To
George P. Adams

As a tribute of our respect and esteem to one who
has devoted his energies to the welfare of
our college, who has won the appre-
ciation of the faculty and the love
of the entire student body
by his loyalty,
his kindness of heart, genialty of manner, and
thoughtful consideration at all times, do
we dedicate this, the second
volume of
"The Cannon Ball"



CANNON BALL STAFF



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Foreword

This a memory book you'll find,
Here should things not suit your mind,
Ere to anger you're inclined,
Call your past actions into line,
And scan them well—you're not blind.
Not a question should you ask—
Not till you take yourself to task—
Of things from which this book is made.
Never a color, we hope, will fade,
But remain both fast and true,
And be to you each day as new.
Like folk in distant ages,
Let no blots stain mem'ry's pages.

THE EDITORS.



Romulus and Remus

*As Romulus and Remus were launched on the surging Tiber,
So we launch our Annual on the minds of its readers.*



Dur Teachers?

Let's fill our cups to those made up
Of wisdom and knowledge,
Whose presence in our well-loved halls
Inspires our dear College.
A health! giv'n with a right good-will,
Pledge it now with hearty vim—
Glory, honor, success be theirs—
First to *them*, and then to *him*.

So to our Faculty we pledge,
With hearts so true, a toast;
From whom at all times help we've gained—
Best in the world, we boast.
Their health! would we were more like them,
Our teachers three and twenty;
Here's health to them, and wealth to them,
And happiness a-plenty!



Centaur

*As the parent of ancient day
Entrusted his princely son
To the wise guidance of the Centaur,
So our parents leave us for nine long months
To the tender mercies of the Faculty.*

CANNON BALL



JAMES CANNON, JR., A. M., D. D.
PRESIDENT



THE FACULTY



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LUCY NASH
"COP"



- HOUGH.

The Oracle

*As the brave warrior of old sought the Crystal-gazer
Before a battle, so doth one in the College Department
Seek an education, before plunging into the Battle of Life.*



Blackstone College Song

Fair summer wreathed and smiling
Brings now vacation days,
When her charms our hearts beguiling,
We can sing her praise;
But a felt subduing strain
Undertones each glad refrain,
Sad, yet sweet, chords vibrate,
Telling of the tender parting days.

CHORUS:

College fair, beloved, good-bye,
Brilliant star in studded sky;
May thy rays still bless and brighten,
As the passing years go by.

Dear Saviour send a blessing
With this our parting hour;
May we each go forth possessing
Thy precious care and power.
Oh! bless those who blessed us here,
With their toil and guiding care,
Be Thou their reward and guardian
Until they Thy glory share.—CHO.

Beloved school, we leave thee;
In groups diverged we go
Home to mountains, plain, and margin
Of ocean's ebb and flow.
But our homes from hill to sea,
As entwining links that be
In the golden chain that binds us
Heart to heart and all to thee.—CHO.

J. R. STURGIS.



Medusa

*Behold! Perseus has beheaded Medusa and holds aloft her gory head,
Just so has the victorious Senior slain the treacherous monster Education.*



Senior College Class

MOTTO: *Carpe diem*

FLOWER: Daisy

COLORS: Gold and White

Officers

JULIETTE OMOHUNDRO.....	PRESIDENT
GLADYS McGRATH.....	VICE-PRESIDENT
NANNIE BRADSHAW.....	SECRETARY
MARY FEILD PERSON.....	TREASURER
ALLIE MAE DICKERSON.....	BUSINESS MANAGER



BABY BENNETT
MASCOT '17



GLADYS ROSALIND BARROW
BLACKSTONE, VA.

"I Wonder Who's Next in Your Heart?"

Do you realize that after all the inevitable has happened! Here she comes, shaking her corkscrew curls, having resolved to live in "single blessedness rather than double cussedness."



NANNIE ELLEN BRADSHAW
REEDVILLE, VA.

*"He's coming back to claim her hand
When it's moonlight on the Rio
Grande."*

A high-school faculty will some day be graced by this fair, dignified specimen—but be it understood, most worthy trustees, that her specialty is teaching Edwards' edition of *Virgil*.



MABEL FRANCES CATO
EMPORIA, VA.

"On the Old Back Seat of the Henry Ford."

Boys and Dress.
Fraternities and Sororities.
Diamonds and Rubies.
Jeffries and Fords.
Brides and Butterflies.
Trousseau and Wedding Bells—Exit.



ALLIE MAE DICKERSON
KENBRIDGE, VA.

"I Love a Piano."

But after all, we think that her sympathetic heart will not shatter the hopes of one who once wished to make her the "Mistress of the White House."



LOIS DOSHER
SOUTHPORT, N. C.

"Down Honolulu Way."

When last seen she was drifting on
the ocean in her little skiff—a mere dot
against the horizon.



MARTHA BLACKWELL HITE
SOUTH HILL, VA.

*"Just Because You are Different from
All Other Girls I've Met."*

The applause ceases. I take great
pleasure in introducing to you the fa-
mous journalist, and editor of _____,
Martha Blackwell Hite.



GLADYS VINCENT McGRATH
CAPRON, VA.

"I'll Do That Little Thing for You."

That she will some day take her Ph. D. we are sure—but we can't read the future clearly enough to tell whether it will be at Leipzig or Blackstone College for Girls.



MORTIMER IDELLE McNEAL
FAIRPORT, VA.

"There's a Little Bit of Bad in Every Good Little Girl."

At Florence! Our little artist Dell! China for sale! China for sale! Hand-painted China!—China for sale!



RUTH GLADYS MINTER
MARTINSVILLE, VA.

"I Didn't Raise My Boy to be a Soldier."

At the front we see her cheering the wounded soldier boys. A little white uniform, a little white cap, and a little Red Cross on her arm.



JULIETTE MARTIN OMOHUNDRO
LILIAN, VA.

"You Will Always Be the Same Sweet Girl."

RETURNED MISSIONARY HOME ON
FURLOUGH

[Special to the *Baltimore Sun*]

Reedville, Va., May 20, 1927.—Miss J. M. Omohundro is now at home on a well-earned furlough after having spent five years in Africa, where she has labored faithfully in the Mission field. She says she looks forward to nothing with greater pleasure than a visit to her Alma Mater, Blackstone College, where first she realized her true vocation.



MARY FEILD PERSON
JARRATT, VA.

"My Little Dream Girl."

With her, "Ole Virginny's cawn and sweet taters" are all right—but Boston with its Baked Beans and the cornet's wonder-music are better. So, on to Boston!



MARY RICH TRUITT
LILIAN, VA.

"Mary, You're a Little Bit Old-fashioned."

Alma Gluck, Tetrzzini and Schumann-Heink have had their day, but our class has produced one whose fame will excell theirs.



Class of '17

TUNE—"Absent"

Sometimes amid the joys of friendships dear
Our hearts grow sad and lonely seems the way,
For soon companionship must sever here,
And ties be broken—the ties so strong to-day.

Oh, Class of '17, we cherish thee,
And all thy standards may we e'er uphold,
And may our lives be as thy spotless white,
Our hearts forever true—true as is thy gold.

MARY FEILD PERSON, '17.



The Lamentations of a Girl

Oh! to be a boy instead of a horrid girl.
Oh! to be a boy with no hair to curl.
Oh! to be a boy, valiant, true and strong.
Oh! to be a boy to push the world along.

If I were a boy, an engineer I'd be,
Or perhaps a sailor and sail the deep blue sea.
Some wild life that's happy, some wild life that's free,
That's the kind of life I love, the kind of life for me.

What is any nicer than a real nice boy?
What in this world can give more joy?
Oh! to be a boy full of love and pride.
If I can't be a boy, perhaps I can be—one's bride.

L. T. H.



Cupid and Psyche

*As fair Psyche gazed on the sleeping god, Cupid,
And sought to explore in worlds unknown,
So the Junior goes seeking in rich fields of the future
For problems unsolved, that confront her next year.*



Junior College Class

MOTTO: "The horizon widens as we climb"

COLORS: Dark Blue and White

FLOWER: White Rose

Officers

JESSIE SIMS.....	PRESIDENT
LOUISE ADAMS.....	VICE-PRESIDENT
VARINA RHODES.....	BUSINESS MANAGER
MARY WILLIS.....	SECRETARY
HELEN AMES.....	TREASURER

CANNON BALL



MARGARET LIGHT

SOUTH EMPORIA, VA.

"Dis"

"But genius must be born, and can never be taught."

HELEN SHARPE

HARRELLSVILLE, N. C.

"Peg"

"Speech is great, but silence is greater."

HELEN COLEMAN

CREWE, VA.

"Pat"

"Exhausting thought and wisdom,
With each studious year."

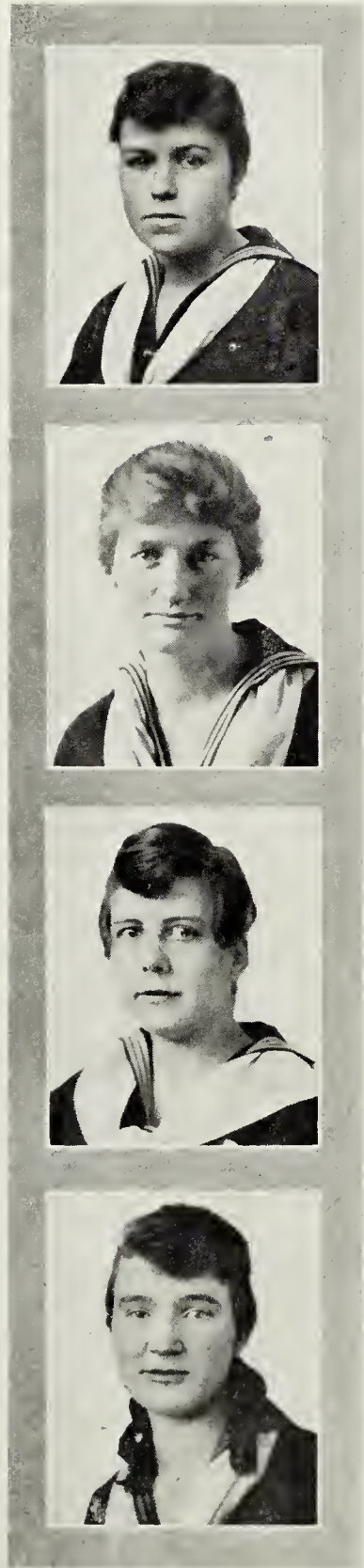
MARY PITTMAN

BACONS CASTLE, VA.

"Pit"

"The race by vigor, not by vaunts, is won."

CANNON BALL



LOUISE ADAMS
BLACKSTONE, VA.

"Nancy"

"Blest with that charm,
The certainty to please."

MARGARET HALL
BURKEVILLE, VA.

"Polly"

"With them the seeds of wisdom I did sow,
And with mine own hand sought to make
them grow."

SADIE AUSBON
PLYMOUTH, N. C.

"Podge"

"I pledge thee patience, the best remedy for
every evil."

HELEN AMES
PORTSMOUTH, VA.

"Wixie"

"A real friend, whose company is an ever-
lasting pleasure."

CANNON BALL



VARINA RHODES
LOUISA, VA.

"Beans"

"Not too serious, not too gay,
But a rare good pal."

MARY WINCHESTER
MICOSUKEE, FLA.

"Chat"

"I am sure care is an enemy to Life."

FRANCES HALL - *married*
PROSPECT, VA. *De* *Franklin*

"Stub"

"A girl possessed of splendid talents."

MERRY BARKSDALE
RED HILL, VA.

"Roe"

"Whence is thy learning, hath thy toil o'er
books
Consumed the midnight oil?"

CANNON BALL



LUCY B. ADAMS
BLACKSTONE, VA.

"B"

"The sunshine of comfort dispels the clouds of despair."

THELMA GARLAND
WARSAW, VA.

"Scrap"

"Quickly and swiftly she moves on the court, The chief of athletic sports."

MARY WILLIS
CAPRON, VA.

"Bill"

"Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace."

BESSIE VAUGHAN
TAMPA, FLA.

"Kinks"

"May I have a head to earn, and a heart to spend."

CANNON BALL



ANNE DORSEY
KILMARNOCK, VA.

"Dorsey"

"To store knowledge of books and life."

RUTH BROWN
FEDERALSBURG, MD.

"Buster"

"From little sparks may burst a mighty flame."

MARGARET ELDER
BROOKNEAL, VA.

"Pete"

"Oh! why has happiness so short a day."

JESSIE SIMS
STIGLER, OKLA.

"Jet"

"Her thoughts and her conduct are her own."

CANNON BALL



MARCIA WHITE

WAKEFIELD, VA.

"Marcie"

"Quietness is a necessary ingredient of genius."

LOUISE WARE

WAKEFIELD, VA.

"Wese"

"To friendship every burden is light."

MARY VIRGINIA BUSSELLS

SOUTHPORT, N. C.

"Murjennie"

"Laugh not too much, the wittiest person
laughs least."

LUCILE POND

WAKEFIELD, VA.

"Cele"

"True as the dial of the sun,
Although it be not shined upon."

CANNON BALL



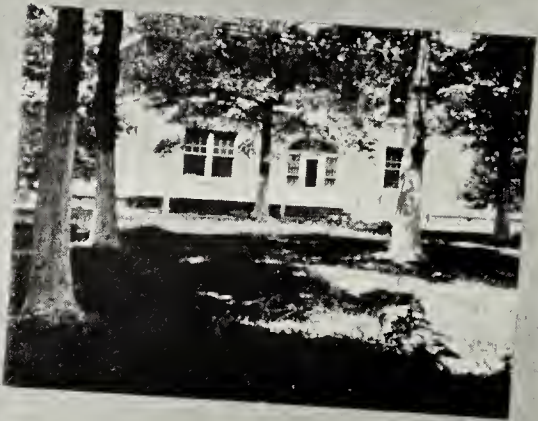
EVELYNE GARNETTE
BUCKINGHAM, VA.

"Jewel"

"Peace rules the day where reason rules the mind."



*"A smile is always worth
its Face Value."*





Narcissus

*Narcissus was a comely youth,
Who gazed with rapture into the past,
So doth one in the Academic Department gaze
Into the bright Pool of the Future.*



Senior Song

Hark! we hear their voices calling
Through the din of the future's roar,
Calling us to higher service
Than we've ever known before.
So with aching hearts we leave thee,
College dear, within whose walls
We've been sheltered and protected,
And we'll love thee best of all.

As we carefully turn the pages
Of the lives we've touched while here,
None to us seem quite so lovely
As those of our teachers, dear.
Through our steep and toilsome pathway,
They've been e'er our constant guide,
Though now in its flight times takes us,
Love for them will still abide.

As the parting day draws nearer
Brighter gleam the sparks of love—
Love that burns for none sincerer
Than our classmates, fond and true.
Soon our memory will drift backward
To our friends we've made while here;
None could e'er be to us truer—
And thoughts of them we'll e'er hold dear.

As we linger on the threshold,
Peering through the future's dust,
There we see our beloved Juniors
Ever faithful to their trust.
May their paths be those of pleasure,
Blest by One whose love ne'er fails,
Onward, upward, ever striving—
As through the Sea of Life they sail.

REVA BINFORD.

(Music original.)



Atalanta

*Atalanta! who ran the race of fate
In which she both lost and won.
So to-day the Senior runs the race of knowledge,
Losing somewhat of childhood and frivolity,
But winning the Golden Apple of Wisdom.*



Senior Academic Class

CLASS MOTTO: *Semper fidelis*

CLASS FLOWER: Red Peony CLASS COLORS: Maroon and Burnt Orange

Officers

ROSA ROBERTSON.....PRESIDENT
MYRA DeBERRY.....VICE-PRESIDENT
HELEN TEASS.....SECRETARY
FRONIE WELLS.....TREASURER

CANNONBALL



All hail to our mascot!
He's the truest of the true.
When you're looking for inspiration,
Why won't Elvin do?

Here's to your future, dear mascot!
And as thru the world you go,
May you bravely meet each difficulty,
And vanquish every foe.

May your life be filled with happiness,
And success crown all your plans!
For you we have the brightest hopes,
Tho' we dwell in distant lands.

CANNON BALL



LUCILE ANDERSON
EDGERTON, VA.

"Cile"

"Few things are impossible to diligence and skill."

Lucile is one of the girls in our class who never goes to class unprepared. Of disobedience to orders she knows nothing; so she, of course, never gets into trouble, as many others of us do.

ALMA ARMSTRONG
RICHMOND, VA.

"Pete"

"Her only fault is that she has no fault."

"Pete" is a very demure little creature, even tho' her name denies it. She seems to labor under the impression that "young ladies should be seen and not heard" except when she gets in class, and then you just listen!



CANNON BALL

EVA ASHER
BROOKNEAL, VA.

"E"

"It is guid to be happy and wise,
It is guid to be honest and true."

Did you ever have your trouble banished by a pleasant smile? Well, if you ever met Eva you will have this pleasant experience, for she always wears a face beaming with happiness. Eva has spent several years in college, but she has not been too busy to think of others and to be always ready to help those who need her--and unconsciously she has won the love and esteem of all.



LESSIE BARNETTE
WOODSDALE, N. C.

"Jeter"

"A merry heart maketh a cheerful countenance."

Lessie is one of our modest creatures. She is seldom seen off her hall, and is a staunch believer that: "Evil communications corrupt good morals." But in spite of her modesty Lessie is always cheery, and if one is blue one can always find a cure in 8 N. B.



CANNON BALL



ANNE BASSETT

BASSETTS, VA.

"J. D."

"She is like Nature, and we love her for her unchanging ways."

Like the sunshine that follows the rain, Anne has been as a ray of light to her classmates during the three years she has spent with us. Her bright smile and cheery laugh have won for her many true friends. We marvel that one so light-hearted can be so serious, but there is certainly a serious side to Anne's nature. Through her diligence and faithfulness she has reached a high plane in her school life. And now, as she glides from us into future realms of usefulness, she takes with her the sincere good wishes of her many friends.

AVIS BASSETT

BASSETTS, VA.

"Amos"

"With gentle yet prevailing force,
Intent upon her destined course,
Graceful and useful all she does,
Blessing and blest where'er she goes."

What would the class of '17 have done without "Amos" Bassett? She is always ready for fun or frolic; however, she knows just how far to carry this, and is ever ready to do with diligence and care whatever falls to her lot. She seems to have a magic power, for her gentle, winning ways touch the hearts of every one. It is quite evident that the life upon which she is merely bordering will be one of beauty and usefulness.



CANNON BALL

REVA BINFORD
PAMPLIN, VA.

"Jimmy"

"I would be true, for there are those who trust me."

Do you see the happy smile on "Jimmy's" face and the fine twinkling in her eyes? That's the way she is all the time. There's never a joke played on her hall that "Jimmy" isn't in it. She has a smile for every one, and that's her charm. In all the years "Jimmy" has been with us she has been successful in all of the phases of her work. She has been a successful worker in the Y. W. C. A. as treasurer of this association, and as chairman of the "Finance" Committee.

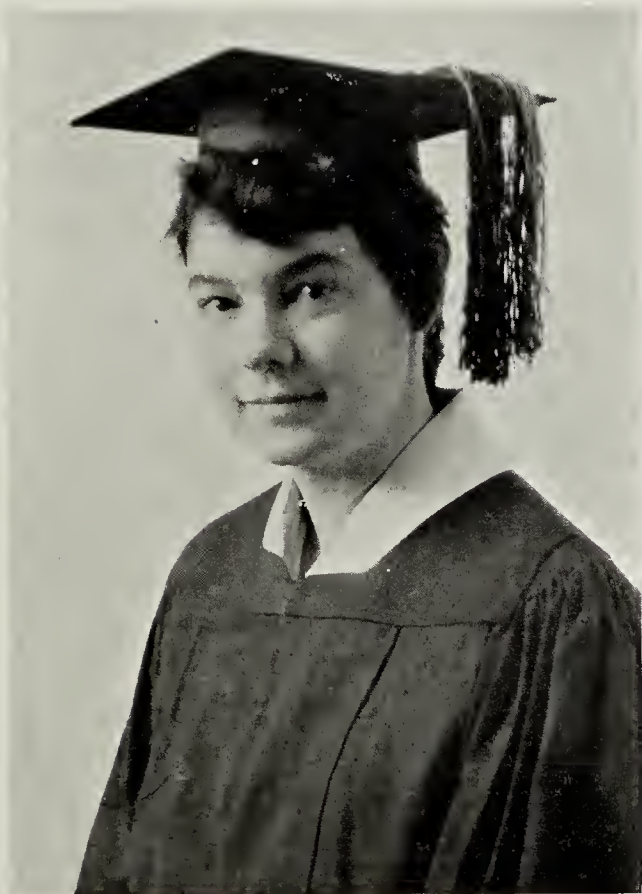


ELIZABETH BROWN
LOWREY, VA.

"Lib"

"Her air, her manner, all who saw admired."

Elizabeth is one of the most sedate members of our class, but she is quite proficient in using her eyes when the opposite sex is around, for we have always been led by her to believe that she cares nothing for this sex, but who can tell? Elizabeth was never known to offend a teacher. She would never forgive herself if, by word or action, she called down upon herself stern glances from any member of the faculty.



CANNON BALL



JESSIE CAMDEN

BIG ISLAND, VA.

"Jess"

"Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all."

Jessie has for her favorite pastime studying. She is always quiet, and is never known to be cross. When the teachers assign us hard lessons, most of us protest, but instead of wasting her time doing anything so foolish as that, she goes to work and gets her lessons without a word of opposition. The class is proud to have a member with a record as clean as hers.

CARRIE CARNER

BEDFORD, VA.

"Conner"

Several years ago, Carrie roamed down from the mountains of Bedford, and found her way to Blackstone. Here, though work has been one of her most constant companions, she has mingled with it lots of fun, thereby adding much pleasure to those around her.



CANNON BALL

ETHEL DAVIS

BEDFORD, VA.

"Mike"

"Call it by some better name, for friendship sounds too cold."

"Mike" is true to her Irish name, as is shown by her sunny smile and good disposition. She takes everything just as it comes, and even an "E" on History only makes her say, "Oh, pshaw! 'E's' better than 'F'."



MYRA DE BERRY

BLACKSTONE, VA.

"Deeberry"

"The glorious privilege of being independent."

Myra is one of our beloved day pupils. Her gentle, loving disposition has won for her many friends in college. That she has the confidence of her class may easily be seen, since she was elected vice-president. Her dry wit, of which she has plenty, is always ready to be dealt out abundantly.



CANNON BALL



CECILE DEVIN

SANDY RIVER, VA.

"Sissle"

"Since in laboring and resting life is divided best, "

Let others do the laboring and I will do the rest."

Cecile has been with us only three years, but she seems to have been quite busy in that time, from the number of friends she has made. "Sissle" believes in having a good time, too, and so far she has succeeded. Not only has she enjoyed her school life, but she has attained a good standing in all her classes.

MARTHA FITZGERALD

BLACKSTONE, VA.

"Fitz"

"Oh, what is life without a friend, to dissipate our gloom?"

Martha is one of our day pupils, and we seldom see her except in class, but there she shines, and we imagine that her small head holds more than she tells. One of Martha's good traits is the cheery smiles which she distributes so liberally—but we think some get more than others.



CANNON BALL

MARY FOSTER
WELLVILLE, VA.

"Old Sport"

"How natural is joy to my heart."

"Old Sport" is right with us in every bit of fun. She has had a happy existence in college for four years—taking everything easy. She has a very great aversion to Senior privileges, and a very great desire to "dance," sing and be merry.



RUTH GILL
BLOXOM, VA.

"Rufus"

"A girl she seems of cheerful yesterdays,
And confident to-morrows."

Ruth's care-free disposition has been like a ray of sunshine throughout the three years she has been a member of the class of '17; and as she leaves her Alma Mater, to venture into a larger world, we are sure her life will be happy.

CANNON BALL



ALICE HARDY
AMELIA COURT HOUSE, VA.

"Puss"

"She conquers who endures."

Of Alice we know very little, for she minds her own business, and expects others to do the same. Alice is not as serious as her looks impress you, for if there is any way to make fun or a joke out of a phrase, leave it to her.

LOIS HAYES
FAIRMONT, N. C.

"To be trusted is better than to be loved."

Lois is such a quiet lady that we know little about her, except that she's an ardent keeper of the college regulations. However, there is one thing we do know about Lois—there is a letter for her in No. 10 every Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday—and Sunday, just for variety!



CANNON BALL

MARY ESTELLE HODGES

SUTHERLIN, VA.

"Hodges"

"Always laugh when you can; it is a cheap medicine, and is the sunny side of existence."

Hodges is the life of our old Senior Class. How can we be blue when she is around, with her smiling face and ever-witty remarks? Her merry laugh is heard far and near—and sometimes after light bell. However, she never gets into any serious trouble, for how could any teacher keep her dignity when Estelle is around?



LILLIAN HOGAN

MONTVALE, VA.

"Li"

"Whoever loved, that loved not at first sight?"

Lillian's chief weakness is her extreme fondness for Latin, since she studies very hard on that subject. We can not tell what Lillian intends to become after graduation. It is a puzzle to the whole class to know why Lillian likes to see Sunda come.



CANNON BALL



ELIZABETH HOLLIS

CAMDEN, DEL.

"Boots"

"Still waters run deep."

It's no use; you need not try to get Elizabeth to hurry, for if you do your energy will certainly be wasted. She is true to the old axiom, "Slow and steady wins the race." We can not see why Elizabeth does not open a dancing school, for, from her example, we are sure that she would make a good teacher.

LILY HOOKER

AXTON, VA.

"Sammy"

"Wit and wisdom are born with one."

About eighteen years ago, in the little town of Stuart, Va., "Sam" made her entree into this world. Great was that day, but greater the one on which she entered Blackstone College. I verily believe that, if an eighth wonder were added to the reputed seven, "Sam" would be the eighth, because she carries a perpetual smile. What we can not understand about "Sam" is, how she carries so much fun and wit in her head along with so much Math IV? But she does!



CANNON BALL

ALMA HOPKINS
ROCKY MOUNT, VA.

"Alma Mater"

"Let the world wag,
Let the world go;
A fig for a care,
A fig for a woe."

Alma first entered the college halls three years ago. She came with the hope of "good times," and she has fully succeeded in enjoying the pleasures of school life. However, she has accomplished a great deal in her class work and she leaves college with high ambitions.



BOOKER LAND
PRINCESS ANNE, VA.

"Book"

"Her purpose is as true as steel,
And diligence works out her plans."

Throughout the years Booker has spent with us her determination to win has been her chief characteristic; and as she leaves the little world that has guarded her for the past four years, we hold no fears concerning her success.



CANNON BALL



ELLEN LANE

ESMONT, VA.

"Charlie"

"The secret of success is constancy of purpose."

One who loves study, who means to allow no situation to find her unprepared, of such sterner stuff is Ellen. One of the greatest puzzles to the class of '17 is why Ellen is especially fond of living near a certain "Ward."

ALICE LEE

OCEANA, VA.

"Snooks"

"Every one who knows her, likes her: have I not said enough?"

"Snooks" is a good, all 'round sport, but, though she likes a good time as well as the rest of us, she puts her studies first. This and many other of her excellent qualities hold her high in the opinion of our faculty.



CANNON BALL

MAUDE LEWIS

FAIR VIEW, VA.

"Ted"

"Nothing great was ever achieved without enthusiasm. Her courage mounted with occasion."

A friend, tried and true, whose sympathy and kindness have helped many on the narrow path of learning. It is hard for Maude to say in which school she is the most interested, Blackstone or Yale, but we are prone to think the latter, as Yale is well represented in her room by the pennants, cushions, etc.



MELBA NANCE

BEDFORD, VA.

"Ben"

"It is by presence of mind in untried circumstances that the metal of woman is tested."

Found ever faithful to duty, constant in friendship, and diligent in pursuit, is Melba. One of the remarkable features of B. C. is Eva, Melba's shadow. Wherever you see one, the other is sure to be close behind. Each shares in one another's joys and sorrows.



CANNON BALL



MARION PASSMORE
KEYSVILLE, VA.

"Bobs"

"A heart to resolve, a head to contrive,
and a hand to execute."

Marion has long discovered the art of not letting studies interfere with college life. Nevertheless, she stands high in her work, being quick to learn and having a natural aptitude for her subjects. To say that Marion is popular among her school-mates would indeed be putting it mildly. Her cheerfulness, her generosity, and her unfailing good nature make her one of the most popular girls in college.

ETHEL NASH
WIGHTMAN, VA.

"E. H."

"And still they gazed, and still their wonder
grew,
"That one small head could carry all *she*
knew."

Ethel has been with us for three years; for two years she was one of our day pupils, but now she makes her abode with us under the "paternal" roof. We are sure that she will fill her mission in life in a proper manner, and our heartiest wishes go with her.



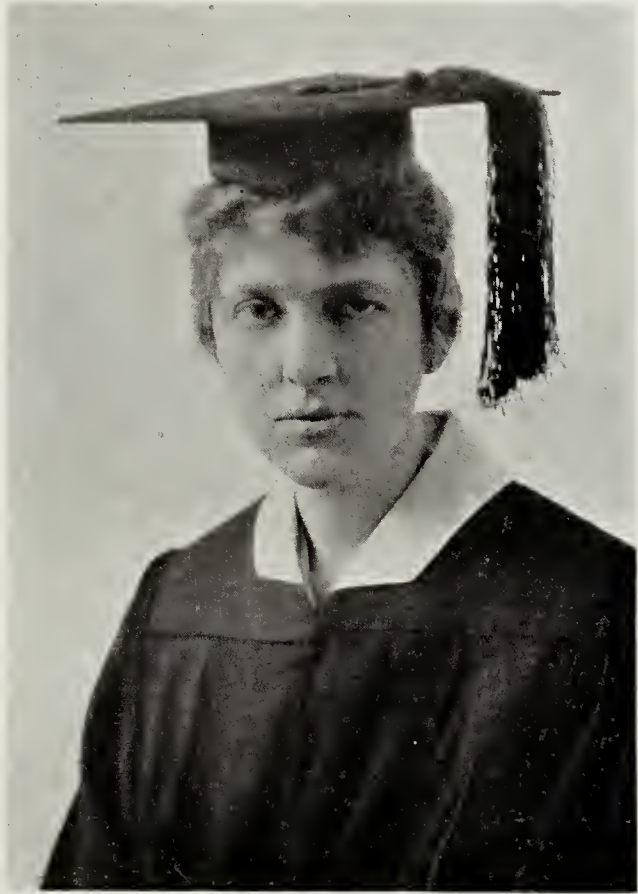
CANNON BALL

IVA PHIPPS
LONELADY, TEXAS

"Rags"

"This day will I cast off the coil of aging
worry and toil,
And seek the soothing soul-caress of
Idleness."

Offered for your inspection is this specimen, which was found in the eastern part of Texas. Iva entered Blackstone College in 1913, and since that time has not only attained success in her school work, but has won fame on the basket-ball field. Although this year closes her school career, she will always remain "young."



ANNIE PRICE
SUSSEX, VA.

"Price"

"To live in the hearts we leave behind
is not to die."

Surely this quotation applies to this classmate of ours. Though she has only been one of our number a year, we will not soon forget her. Annie is the soul of independence; it matters not with her what the world may do, she lets that go its way, and she goes hers, rejoicing.



CANNON BALL



SELDEN RAGLAND
CENTRALIA, VA.

"F"

"Do not let your studies interfere with your college career."

Selden has the best time of all our number in college; life is an easy song, and when there is absolutely nothing else to occupy her mind she studies. Nevertheless, by her natural abilities, she has made good in college.

ROSA ROBERTSON
WOODSDALE, N. C.

"Rosary"

"We love her for her wealth of womanhood."

Rosa came to us from the "Old North State," and well may that State be proud to send forth such a splendid girl. By her strong character and sincerity, Rosa has won the love and esteem of her schoolmates. When we thought of selecting our class president this year we naturally turned to her and, needless to say, she has served us well.



CANNON BALL

MARIE SAUL
Isle of Pines
COLUMBIA, WEST INDIES

"Red"

"The greatest pleasure I know is to do a good action by stealth and have it found out by accident."

Marie, our "bright light" from Cuba, found her way to Blackstone two years ago. She has done excellent work in her classes, especially in the study of "Horace." We admire her for her ability and love her for her cheerfulness.



CARY SAUNDERS
CHAPTICO, VA.

"Jane"

"Rest! Rest! Give me rest!
All that I ask is rest!"

"Jane" says that she doesn't believe in too much studying. We have often heard her say that her fate is to be an old-maid school teacher, but I expect if her many friends could prophesy for her, we would find her career entirely different.



CANNON BALL



SALLIE SCALES
THE HOLLOW, VA.

"Fish"

"When I have a thing to do, I go and do it."

"Fish" is such a quiet body that her comings and goings make little disturbance in the class. She cares not for frills and fads. She hunts only for practical knowledge, and finds it.

BLANCHE SMITH
WITHAMS, VA.

"Fess"

"The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength and skill."

Behold! The curtain rises on one of the great light of the class of '17. Sometimes the girls call her "prissy," but—if they only knew her!! Well—let's not ruin her "rep." Blanche has shown great ability along many lines. In Pedagogy, when Miss Stoakley mentions Pestalozzi, or—the Eastern Shore, Blanche's bright head may be seen nodding violently.



CANNON BALL

ROSA TAYLOR
HALLWOOD, VA.

"Rosbud"

"The mildest manners with the bravest mind."

Of all the fine products of the Eastern Shore, Rosa is one of the best. She has been with us for two years, and during this time she has not only attained success in her school work, but has won the love and esteem of all her friends.



HELEN TEASS
BEDFORD, VA.

"Tissie"

Verily, precious things come in small packages, but, hush! "Tissie" has an aversion to being called the smallest member of her class. Helen is always ready for any fun that comes her way, and is a "good sport" in everything until it comes to saying good-bye at (to) "Partin."



CANNON BALL



FRONIE WELLS
BEDFORD, VA.

"They may not need me; yet, they might;
I'll let my heart be just in sight."

For three years our class has been blest by the influence of Fronie's strong character. Not only has she taken a leading part in class affairs during these years, but she has been ever ready to offer aid and sympathy to her fellow-students in all their troubles. As the years pass and our little class is scattered, we will still look back with loving memories upon this dear classmate of ours.

ZELIA TOWSEY
PENDLETON, VA.

"Zellum"

"I do but sing because I must,
And pipe but as the linnets sing."

"Zellum" is a good old pal. She helps us all "in" and "out" of trouble. If we are gay, she is gay with us; and if we are sad, she soothes us with her beautiful voice. She can do anything, from asking the blessing in the dining-room to playing a guitar and singing "coon" songs.



CANNON BALL

MYRTLE WILKINSON

OLO, VA.

"Myrt"

"The silence of pure innocence often persuades, when speaking fails."

Our quiet Myrtle has been with us two years. She is so quiet that we scarcely know her likes and dislikes. She seems to dislike having her hand tickled in Psychology class. Can you blame her for that, when Dr. Cannon particularly dislikes the example it sets before the class?



LUCILE WILLIAMS

SUTHERLIN, VA.

"Polly"

"Oh, such a depth of tenderness is here; such noble passions, such might of love, soul-lighted, like star-brilliant space."

"Polly" is called the most studious girl of the Senior Class. She is a pleasure to the teachers, for she always responds when called upon. Her chief aim in life is to specialize in History, and her classmates predict a glorious success for her as a great historian.



CANNON BALL



CORNELIA WRIGHT

RUFFIN, N. C.

"Cornie"

"She lives as living in the sight of all men."

"Cornie" found her way to Blackstone College three years ago, and during her stay here she has made many friends. She is constantly talking about the time when she will finish at old Blackstone College; for then she expects to enter Trinity College and receive her "M. R. S."



Senior Poem

How I would love to tell you,
Both in song and story,
Of this great Class of Seventeen,
The class which has won the glory
Of the things it has done,
And that for which it stood;
How I would love to sing its praise,
Ah! if I only could!

And now, as in the course of time
Draws near our parting day,
The saddest of all the year to us,
To each other we would say:
"We're standing on the threshold
Of this great open door,
Go out in this world and labor,
For you there is much in store."

There are new fields to conquer,
And a helping hand you can give
To others who are weary,
And perhaps cause them to live
In this great world of ours.
There is many a beautiful thing,
But to these you can add the help
Which love is sure to bring.

In the distance I see a beckoning hand
Which would like to lead us on,
And I hear a voice calling
Into the world which is now unknown;
But in the labyrinth of dangers,
Which seek to ensnare our feet,
We would always remember our motto
When each difficulty we meet.

Now before us lies the future,
A future of deeds to be nobly done,
With its wealth of golden store,
And our work is not begun.
And so to you, dear classmates,
I would leave this parting thought:
"Give to the world the best you have,
That the best may be back to you brought."

MARION PASSMORE.



Class Prophecy



WHEN the Class of 1917 graduates from Blackstone College the heavens will shine with a blaze of glory, for in its glittering stars and planets will be seen the faces of our dear classmates.

In the North Star we will see the face of our beloved president, Rosa Robertson, who, though she had a dislike for Science, finds that Domestic Science is much to her liking, and now far outshines most of her classmates in this art.

In the East Star we will see the kind face of Myra De Berry, who has made it her life work to throw the light of a missionary into the foreign fields.

Perhaps in Eros we will see a library of books by Helen Teass on the "Beauties of Nature and Their Influences on Humanity."

While Leo will reflect a lovely little home in which Fronie Wells has just been made queen. It is evident her desires of schooldays are "no more."

We will hardly be able to see Boots for the big car passing. In the back seat is Cecile Devin and Henry Adams. "Scoupe" says, "No more 'Cole' is needed in that warm climate, with nothing to do but spend an endless honeymoon." I hope Cecile is no more a "Rosaline."

In Meteor we will see Ruth Gill lying among luxurious cushions in a New York home. She is a perfect picture of happiness, for IV Math and room-cleaning no more worry her curly head.

We will stand in perfect astonishment as we see Marion Passmore come on the stage in the Evening Star as a great "movie actress." Scott must be near!! Look again!! He is the hero. Then, you will realize the real scene from life has appeared on the stage.

Venus will then be in a whirl. It is now the scene of a University of Virginia dance. Among the merry couples will be seen Selden Ragland and "Blue." Hovering around Selden is a cloud of dreams. Nearest her heart is a K. A. pin and a "baseball star."

Saturn and Uranus stand together at B. C. In classroom one is Lois Hayes teaching the primary children to make American flags. In classroom



CANNON BALL

two is Martha Fitzgerald. From the looks of her pupils it seems R. Ogden is not the only person who will be buried in an encyclopedia.

Perseus is a lovely little home with a dance hall, but what is the use of a dance hall, for this is the home of Lillian Hogan and it is always "Sunda" at her home.

In Jupiter we will see a court room. Among the lawyers is Alice Hardy, who has won great fame as a prosecuting attorney.

Lyra will reflect a battleship on whose deck stands a doctor and his bride, Cary Saunders. We remember Cary always liked an unusual life.

"The Gemini" is now a scene in "Stuart Hall," where we see the "Cousins of the Class of '17," Anne and Avis Bassett. Anne is still standing near "Kelley's Monument" in the dreams, while Avis still thinks, "The best is yet to be."

Taurus will show a beautiful ranch in Texas owned by Iva Phipps. She will be spending her vacation there. Of course it would all be in vain if the "Coleman" was not there; but, alas! suppose the fortunate one is "Joe."

In Ceres will be seen Jessie Camden at college studying hard, and reaping the same great reward.

Over Hercules will be the sign, "Zelia Towsey, famous singer at Plaza to-night." Suddenly when the sign falls we will see a great audience listening in dead silence to the voice of our classmate.

Capella and Regulus will be the scene of two bloody battlefields. In the distance is the camp of the Red Cross nurses, with Ethel Davis as head nurse in Capella. If she is no longer a "Suter" then is a "Ballard"? In Regulus we find that Myrtle Wilkinson is giving her life for her country as a nurse.

Neptune will be an Alaskan village in which Booker Land and Billie are lecturing on "Woman Suffrage." Billie still never goes to Norfolk. I wonder why? (Booker is his in Alaska now).

Vega will be a Studio in which Lily Hooker is cartooning for "Life," having just been put on the staff.

Arion will show the following clipping from a German newspaper: "Mrs. Z. N. Shulerberger will entertain to-night in honor of her son, who is consul to the United States. He has just been married to Miss Alice Julia Lee and will return to-night." It is hard to realize that Alice ever went back on her "Old" friend.



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Hydra will show an oil field. One of Cornelia Wright's friends is showing her the different wells. She says she likes the "Black-wells" best.

Libra will reflect a cozy little bungalow near Bedford City. We now see the significance of the diamond Carrie Carner wore all during her school days, and that it has at last ended in this happy home, over which Robert presides with the tenderest care.

Pegasus will be the beautiful Auditorium at Hollins College in which we see Ellen Lane holding an audience of thousands entranced by her beautiful playing.

Sagittarius will show a kindergarten in Cuba with Marie Saul as supervisor. She has just introduced the well-known "Stoakley Method." She says "she" likes them fine.

Cephes will reflect a French shop in which we see customers bidding high for the works of Lucile Williams's own hands. She has now made "tattling" her life work.

Serpentis will reflect a French Department Store in New York, where we see Rosa Taylor buying her trousseau. We always thought that Ellet's wishes would soon come true.

Auriga will reflect a room in a home near "The Hollow," where we see Sallie Scales sitting by an open grate with a cunning little black cat by her side.

Blackstone College will again be seen in Mars. In the Supervisor's chair is Blanche Smith. I believe she has decided "It is better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all."

In Scuti we see a home in North Carolina in which Lessie Barnette is the mistress. Now the problem of the selection of her roommates is solved.

Sagittarius is again the scene of the Burkeville School Garden, where we see Ethel Nash as Supervisor.

Auriga is now "Peabody," where we see Maude Lewis graduating with the highest honors in music and expression.

Aquarius will now be the scene of Blackstone College. In the President's office, where we see Melba Nance secretary to Dr. Cannon.

Ursa is now an attractive little parsonage where Mary Foster is the "soul-mate" of a handsome young minister.

Mercury is the scene of a mission field in Japan where Alma Armstrong is showing others her bright and happy life.

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Ceres is the scene of a sad farewell. Elizabeth Hollis is waving "good-bye" to Howard as he leaves America on board a big battleship. Let us hope that he returns at the close of war.

Again we see our College in Andromeda. It is in the Auditorium, where we see Elizabeth Brown as chorus director.

Halley's comet reflects the face of Reva Binford. Well do we remember the streak left behind her head like the tail of Halley's. Perhaps this is where Papa saw the attraction and chose her as his "better-half."

In Cancer we will see Estelle Hodges, who has just finished a volume of sonnets and dedicated it to Miss Nash.

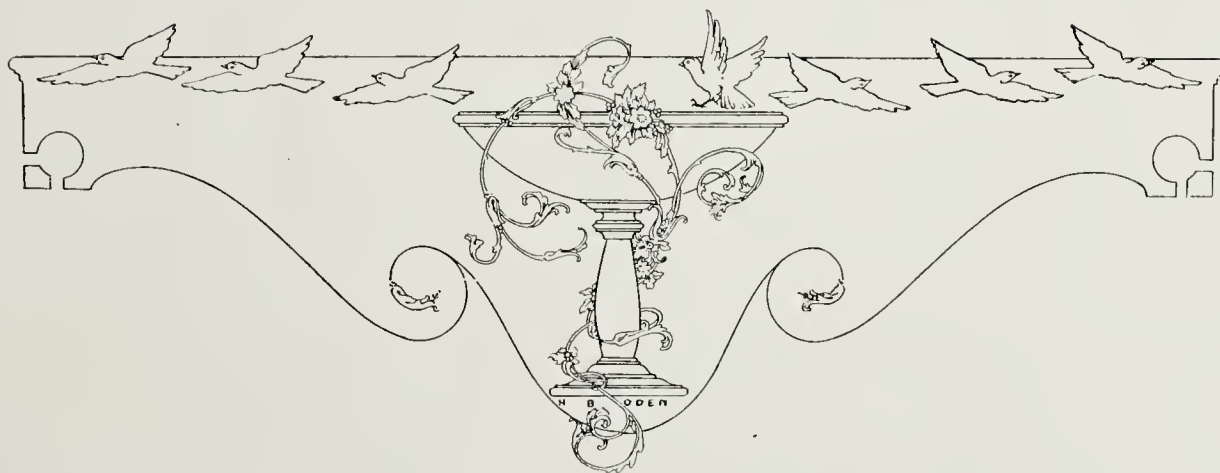
Leo Minor is now R.-M. W. C., where we will see Eva Asher graduating, holding the highest office in the class.

In Ursa Minor we see Lucile Anderson taking a post-graduate course at Columbia, in "Teachers' Training Methods."

Of course, in Swifts we see Annie Price, because where else could she be after graduating with us in one year—except perhaps in a joke box.

Thus, the Class of 1917 takes its place to brighten the heavens, which smiled upon it through its entire College Career.

ALMA HOPKINS.





HOUGH

The Gordian Knot

*Sever the treacherous knot, O Theseus,
For a Junior thou art, and the knot Education.*



JUNIOR CLASS



Junior Academic Class

MOTTO: "We can"

FLOWER: White Rose

COLORS: Green and White

Officers

ALDAH MYRICK	PRESIDENT
CARRIE LEE CLARK	VICE-PRESIDENT
LOTA LEIGH DRAUGHON	SECRETARY
VIRGINIA BLAND	TREASURER

Members

ELIZABETH ARRINGTON	ETHEL DIXON	SARAH JONES	ALICE SANDERS
ALLIE ATKINSON	LOTA LEIGH DRAUGHON	MARTIE KIRWAN	MAE SAWYER
CLARICE BAKER	HORTENSE DUNCAN	GEORGIA KYLE	MYRTLE Siner
DOROTHY BALL	ESSIE ETHERIDGE	RUBY LANSDOWNE	GRACE SINGLETON
GLADYS BALLANCE	AGNES FEREBEE	MYRTLE LEWIS	WILLO SITTERSON
NANCY BARKSDALE	EULA FERGUSON	MARY LEIGH LOGWOOD	LUCILE SMITH
LUCILE BAXTER	DOROTHY FRANKLIN	PAULINE LOGWOOD	JENNIE SOUTHERLAND
VIRGINIA BLAND	RUTH GAITHER	MARTHA LOTSPEICH	DOROTHY SPARKLIN
EMMA BRANNOCK	MARTHA GARBEE	MAE MANSON	EMILY STAFFORD
ELIZABETH BRITTON	KATHLEEN GILLS	NELL MATHEWS	BELLE STANLEY
FOUNTIE BROWN	ISABELLE GOSLIN	KATHLEEN McDEARMON	EUNICE STEPHENSON
AGNES BURGESS	ELIZABETH HADDON	BERTHA McLEOD	HELEN TAYLOR
MARY BURNETT	THELMA HAMNER	CHRISTINE McIVOR	LOUISE TAYLOR
JANIE DELLE CALLIS	WINGFIELD HARDY	MILDRED MINTER	MYRTLE THOMPSON
MAMIE CARTER	RUTH HARRIS	GERTRUDE MORGAN	WINIFRED THORNTON
ELIZABETH CASTLEBERRY	KATE HARRISON	ALDAH MYRICK	NETTIE TRADER
VIRGINIA CHANNELL	NANCY HARRISON	EULA NASH	MYRA VAUGHAN
CARRIE LEE CLARK	ELIZABETH HEADLEY	PATTIE NIXON	MARY WATERS
WILMA CLARK	THELMA HENDERSON	LOUISE OTWELL	GLADYS WERTZ
MINNIE COLE	ELEANOR HEPLER	RUTH OULD	MARGARET WEST
RUSSELL COLEMAN	HANNAH HOUGH	MARTHA EPPES PAGE	BEATRICE WOHLFOED
CHARLOTTE COMER	QUINCY HUFF	EVA PENN	AMELIA WOOTTEN
MARGARET COOK	RESSIE HUFF	JUANITA ROGERS	MABEL WRIGHT
ACKLINE DAVIS	ANNIE JOHNSON	EMMA ROBERTSON	TERESA ZOLLINGER
LOUISE DAVIS	KATE JOHNSON	MARY ROBINSON	
LELA DEY	PAULINE JOHNSON	BESSIE SALMONS	



Junior Song

TUNE: "Where the River Shannon Flows"

Years have lightly passed around us
Till old Seventeen has found us,
And the ties have tightly bound us
Here as Juniors staunch and true.
Tho' we have not yet our goal attained
We thank you for the help we've gained,
And onward yet our hopes are aimed,
For we know "We Can," "We Can."

CHORUS:

Then our Junior Class forever!	Not forever do we part to-day,
The class of eight and ten!	There's one more year for us to stay,
Let us keep the banners waving,	But still our hearts are not so gay
With her colors white and green.	As commencement time draws near,
Tho' dire troubles may beset her,	For there're some who leave forever;
May her purpose ne'er grow wan.	But their memories leave us never,
There are those who won't forget her,	And our friendships naught can sever
And we'll always say, "We can!"	As the passing years go by.—CHO.

ELEANOR HEPLER.

Resolutions of the Junior Class

We, the Junior Class, realizing that it is not only our privilege but also our duty to refrain from, and to create a sentiment against, doing all things that tend to lower the moral standard of our school, do hereby offer these resolutions:

1. *Resolved*, neither to take the name of the Lord in vain, nor to use any bad language, nor to tolerate in our presence the use of either.
2. *Resolved*, not to practice any form of deceit, such as cheating on class, "walking slips," answering "present" to another's name, etc.
3. *Resolved*, neither to tell nor to listen to unclean jokes.
4. *Resolved*, to show our class spirit by attending, as far as possible, all its meetings and taking an active part in its work.
5. *Resolved*, to keep these resolutions to the best of our ability and induce others to do the same.



The Labyrinth

*Oh, fair maid, who did become entangled
In the mazes of the Labyrinth,
Just so the poor Sophomore
Becomes entangled in the troubles of a College Career.*



SOPHOMORE CLASS



Sophomore Academic Class

MOTTO: "Never behind"

COLORS: Purple and White

FLOWER: Violet

Officers

VERNA JACKSON.....	PRESIDENT
ALICE CLAY.....	VICE-PRESIDENT
ELIZABETH LOCKE.....	SECRETARY
RUTH RICHARDSON.....	TREASURER

Members

JEAN ACKISS
 MARGARET ALSTON
 WILLIE ARRINGTON
 ALMA ATKINS
 GLADYS ATKINS
 ELLEN BARROW
 ZOE BLACK
 RUBY CURTIS
 MARY CHRISTIAN
 ALICE CLAY
 JUANITA COLEMAN
 EMMA CROCKETT
 RUBY CURTIS
 MAVIN CROWDER
 AGNES CUNNINGHAM
 FANNIE CHRISTIE
 CALLIE DAVIS
 LINDA DIGGS
 EDNA FERGUSON
 LUCILLE FLEISHER
 NINA FULFORD
 LUCILLE FUTRELL
 DOROTHY FREYSTADT
 EVA FELTON

ANNIE GARRISS
 MAMIE GREEN
 GLADYS HARRELL
 HONOR HAMILTON
 EDITH HARRIS
 ANNIE HOPKINS
 MARJORIE HEPBURN
 IRENE HORNER
 Lyla HENDERSON
 Verna JACKSON
 JESSIE JOHNSON
 MABEL JORDAN
 BERNICE KNIGHT
 ELIZABETH LOCKE
 MARY MAHOOD
 GLADYS MARKS
 MARJORIE MARSH
 VIRGINIA MEADE
 DORIS MOORE
 MARY MOORE
 EULA MURDEN
 SARA NIXON
 BLANCHE O'KENNON
 ELSIE OLD

SARAH O'NEAL
 LUCILLE OVERSTREET
 MURIEL PAGET
 ELLEN PASSMORE
 ETHEL PITTMAN
 ELIZABETH POWELL
 RUTH RICHARDSON
 ANNIE SALE
 SARA SHELTON
 MYRTLE SHARPE
 GLADYS SMITH
 PANSY SMITH
 HELEN STEELE
 MABEL STEELE
 MARY STEWART
 CLARINE SCULL
 MARIE TURLINGTON
 MARGARET TRADER
 MARY ELIZABETH WHITE
 LULA WHITEHURST
 GRACIE WILLIAMS
 WINIFRED WILLIAMS
 MARY WOLFE
 MARGARET VAUGHAN



Thoughts

I heard a bluebird's song this morn,
Out in the old apple tree.
His song was of love and Springtime,
Do you know what it said to me?
It said: "Work hard, Little Girl,
Vacation will soon be here,
And from the tasks of to-day
We'll soon pass away
To mother and home so dear."

I heard a bullfrog last evening,
Raised in tones deep and strong,
His chant was of trials all over,
But it carried to me this song:
"There's work to be done, Little Girl,
The world is a place full of woe;
And it's up to you,
As you pass thru',
To do all the good you know."

I heard the West Wind's voice singing softly,
Just as the sun sank away;
His lay was full of pathos,
He told of the dying day;
His song brought back fond memories,
Which I tho't had long been dead.
The ghosts of the Past seemed to haunt me,
And over and over they said:

"You've tried and you've failed, old friend,
In this life of hardship and woe;
But it's no disgrace
Not to win in the race,
If you've done the best you know.
The wonderful things you've achieved
In ruins now mold and decay,
But the things you've done,
And the friends you've won,
Will live when you've passed away.

"We can not all be bubbles great
On this wonderful sea of life,
But if *you* fill *your* place
With a smiling face
You deserve a Hero's Fife."
The Wind was dying away
When a bugle blew soft and clear,
And I turned around,
As I heard the sound,
To see an angel come near.

He bore me away on the wings of the morn,
And sang as we passed thru' the air:
"You've tried and you've failed,
But the good you've availed
Rewards you of Heaven your share."
I awoke with a start,
And a thump of my heart,
For I tho't I surely was dead.
It came pretty quick,
And the fact made me sick,
I had just fallen out of bed.

But my dream seemed so realistic
That it haunted me all the day thru',
So with a tho't fantastic
I resolved that this I would do:
"I'll smile and I'll work,
And I never will shirk;
I'll do whatever I find,
Tho' the way is rough,
And the task is tough,
And the world is a little unkind.
And tho' I can't stand in Wilson's place,
Or along with Shakespeare be classed,
My reward will be won
If, when I am done,
Some one is glad I have passed."

ELEANOR ELIZABETH HEPLER, '18.



Pandora

*Oh, pretty Pandora! thou looseth the troubles,
As Freshmen do mischief through all the year long.*



Freshman Academic Register

MARIE ADAMS
PHOEBE ADKINS
SARAH ANDERSON
ELIZABETH BAYNES
AGNES BEVAN
MARY BLANKENSHIP
BEULAH BOWLAND
JANIE BURNETTE
SALLIE CRICHTON
CELESTE FEDDEMAN
GLADYS FRAZIER
ESTHER GAYLE
MARIE HINES
CLARA HOOKER
IRENE HUCKSTEP
EUNICE JOHNSON
LILLIAN JOHNSON

CALLIE JONES
STELLA LOWRY
FRENCH MADISON
NELLIE MILLER
IRENE MOSELEY
FRANCES MURRILL
CLARE ROBERTSON
ELLA ROBERTSON
NELLE SCOTT
RUTH SHELL
LUCILE SLEDGE
ESTELLE STEWART
MAMIE WATERFIELD
IRENE WELLS
ELIZABETH WEST
OLLIE WHITEHEAD
MYRTLE WYNN



Training School Register

FRANCES BARROW	IRENE HESSON
DAVID CANNON	ELVIN LIGON
EDWARD CANNON	GLADYS LILLARD
MARGARET COBB	ELIZABETH MEYBERG
JULIA COLEMAN	ROSE MENDELSON
MARGARET COLEMAN	MABEL PENN
FRANCES CROWDER	NATALIE POWELL
VIRGINIA CUMBY	KATIE ROPER
MARTHA DREWRY	HELEN STEVENS
ANNA DUNLAP	MARY FRANCES TUTTLE
ALICE DUNTON	RAYMOND TUTTLE
ROSE ELAM	HEATH TWEEDY
ERNEST GIBSON	GERTRUDE WAINWRIGHT
LAURA PHILLIPS GRAY	PEARL EURE WHITE
LUCILLE WHITE	



The Abdication of Preacher Jackson



LACK MAN in de kitchen, sweatin' in de steam,
White man in de parlor, studyin' up a scheme,"
blithely whistled Jerry, loitering idly along the path between
rows of well-cultivated tobacco, stretching a mass of soft
green under the mellow radiance of the Virginia sun.

Alas! all this wealth was not his own, but that of the
dusky autocrat, Mr. Hezekiah Jefferson Holly, likewise the possessor of a
well-stuffed purse, a dashing daughter and a bulldog, famed throughout the
county for a strength of tooth and tenacity of purpose.

His carefree music was soon abruptly ended by the cries, lusty and vig-
orous, proceeding from a small clump of trees, several rods away.

"O, don't tech me! O, laws a-massy! Hel-l-lp!"

Jerry's indolent eyes lighted at the prospect of excitement. Despite his
weight, a trifling two hundred pounds, he covered the intervening distance in
an incredibly short time. Here a direful sight awaited him. Miss Lilly
Agnes, the possessor of flashing black eyes, shiny white teeth and the afore-
mentioned rich daddy, was executing a frenzied combination of known and
unknown dance steps, meanwhile giving proof of vocal powers that would
have made Caruso blush.

"Who is it? What's de matter?" he demanded in eager anticipation of
a chance to show his prowess.

"I was clambin' de fence and a scarpion run out of dat bag of tatoes I'se
fotchin' for pa," explained the lady, somewhat incoherently.

"I jes' know he's pizenous," she added, fearfully, rolling her eyes.

The innocent cause of all this disturbance, a common green lizard, was
by this time rapidly disappearing through a crack in the fence. Jerry, seeing
that it was useless to pursue, turned his attention to comforting the lady. This
was a task in no wise unpleasant, for, like most fat men, he possessed a soft
and impressionable heart.

Drying her tears with her apron and whispering soothing words, he boldly
escorted her to the paternal mansion not far off. This domicile was a neatly



white-washed building boasting green window shutters. It had a small yard resplendent with pink and red roses, tastefully interspersed with tiger lilies and peonies of wonderful hue.

"Ma, Mistah Johnson," said Lilly Agnes, as a smiling, corpulent negress opened the door.

"It is a most delightful pleasure to make yo' 'quaintance, ma'm," responded Jerry, as, bowing gallantly, he was ushered into a room richly furnished, according to darky standards. His appreciative eye was not slow to note the gay lace curtains and still gayer table cloth. Nor did the gaudy pictures, big red lamp and elaborately flowered rug escape his calculating glance.

Here a most delightful hour was spent, conversing in polite, even eloquent, style with the proud mother and ravishing daughter. After being invited to take tea the following Sunday, he pursued his way home, pondering upon the charms of Lilly Agnes. Already somewhat prepossessed by her big black eyes and sweet manner, he had succumbed completely upon witnessing the bounteous wealth of which she would be sole heiress.

Jerry's home presented a wretched contrast to hers. It was a one-room shack, unbelievably dirty and utterly devoid of whitewash. Here he seated himself and took a searching inventory of his belongings.

"I jes' got to get her a present. Wimmen always likes de man dat gives 'um most, but whar' de cash comin' from?"

His personal belongings were unpromising, consisting of an ox, at least twenty years old, a fiddle and a pair of dice. True, by hiring his services he could earn the necessary amount, but this he instantly dismissed. It was an idea not to be tolerated by one of his ease-loving disposition. Old Bright, the ox, seemed then his main hope.

Suddenly he jumped to his feet, fired with a new idea. Hastening to the valley, he hurriedly sought a grocery and purchased a small package. Returning to Bright's stall, he mixed its contents thoroughly with a pan of bran. This he fed to the half-starved beast, who showed no hesitation in devouring it.

Jerry then retired peacefully to bed and slept the profound sleep of the unjust. When he woke the sun was several hours high and eagerly he went



to see the result of his night's work. His delight was great at beholding the greedy Bright no longer skinny but with a well-rounded form, not a rib being visible to even the most searching eye.

"Dat ar' magic yeast sho' am magic sho' 'nough," he chuckled complacently, leading forth the rotund animal. He lost no time in seeking Mr. Holcomb, the local butcher, and sold the unfortunate steer to that guileless individual for forty dollars.

"Now I can git me a genle'man's outfit and have enuff left for presents, too," he soliloquized, keeping a protecting hand on the wealth in his pocket.

"Dat ar' yeast cake make ol' Bright pretty fat."

The morning was consumed in a delightful round of visits to the various counters of the Jewish department store.

At noon, having purchased an enormous and elaborately decorated bottle of "Lily-of-the-Valley," he retraced his footsteps and stored it along with many other bundles on a shelf in his shanty.

The following Sunday afternoon at two a marvelously transformed Jerry emerged. His old corduroys and blue cotton shirt had been replaced by a new suit, flashily checked and opened in front to give dazzling glimpses of a bright green waistcoat of rich brocade. A gorgeous yellow tie, high-crowned gray hat, shiny tan shoes and rhinestone studs completed the costume. Arming himself with the bottle of perfume, he started immediately for the home of the desired one.

The lady looked far more handsome than on the previous occasion. She was encased in a gown of bright purple, with new white pumps, diamond earrings, and a string of pearls about her comely yellow throat. She greeted him graciously, in fact, almost affectionately, and sat with him in the barrel-stave hammock until supper was announced. This meal was wonderful, the table being decked with all kinds of toothsome delights.

"I has had a mos' exuberan'ly magnificent time," he declared as at eleven P. M. a fit of violent coughing from the old man warned him that it was time to take his departure.

"You must call again, Mr. Johnson," agreed the fair one, not slow to take his hint.

And thus it came about that, through many of the peaceful July evenings, they sat swaying softly in the creaky hammock and commenting blissfully on



“Er—she ain’t sufferin’ from no complicatin’ ailments, is she?” inquired the nonplussed clergyman.

“No, she jes’ got de backache,” was the unromantic reply.

“Guess I’ll jes’ cheer her up wid sweet consolations of music,” he decided, as the door was closed, and he raised once more his tuneful hymn.

Finally, deeming that he had made her oblivious of backache, he knelt before the window through the cracks of whose drawn shade faint streaks of light glimmered.

“O, lubly Miss Lilly Agnes, the most ’splendent of your sex,” he began. “Please listen just a little while. I sympathizes with you in your affliction, but I’ve got sumpin’ on my bosom and I just must get unburdened of it. You know dat Hughes done said he want to be president and he want to be president bad. Well, I wants a wife, and I wants a wife— Oh! you black heathen, ain’t you got no ’spect for the words of Scripture?” he shrieked, as a dipper of hot water from behind the curtain struck him amidships.

“If you don’t hush your fuss I’ll set pa’s bulldog on you,” informed a harsh voice.

The mention of such a beast was enough to drive all thought of romance from the victim’s mind and he rose with great speed, but too late! A ferocious snarl from the rear turned his ebony face an ashy hue and his long legs covered the ground with incredible swiftness. He reached the nearest tree just in time to shin up it with more haste than dignity.

“Call de dog away, Miss Lilly Agnes, call de dog away. Dogs ain’t got nothing whatever to do with love affairs,” he implored, twining his long limbs about a branch and clinging fearfully.

It was a strange fate that caused the weak spring of the shade to give way at this moment. Up flew the curtain and disclosed to the gaze of the dis-comforted preacher a sight that took away all the poetry from the beautiful night. The deceitful girl, who had encouraged him at meeting that afternoon to openly show his admiration of her charms, was seated upon a sofa, securely clasped in the arms of a very corpulent black man. This was enough to enrage any wife-seeking parson. He could not know that the balance had been turned in Jerry’s favor by a gorgeous pink parasol and the promise of a ruby ring.



Sitting forlornly perched like some huge raven on his creaky bough and soaking in the heavy dew, he cast many withering reflections upon the character of women in general and this one in particular. That any woman should be such an idiot as to treat him, an intellectual, educated, dignified minister, in such an ignominious manner, all on account of that fat beef of a creature was incomprehensible! To know that said fat beast was the contriver and instigator of his humiliation would have been even more unendurable.

"De feminine sex am curious. I'll neber be fooled again," he muttered.

The sight below was maddening. A perch in a tree is by no means comfortable for any wingless animal. He must get away! He parted the branches and peered searchingly at the ground. The dog was not in sight. Probably chasing a rat was the preacher's thought, and without delay he dropped to the ground. Fear lending speed he started for the orchard fence, but he had underestimated the reputation of the bulldog. That animal had never become acquainted with the hookworm. Dashing away from its rat hunt, it descended upon him with the suddenness and force of a bomb, a few seconds before the fence was gained. But a dog can accomplish a great deal in a few seconds, as the sink left in the preacher's leg by the sudden amputation of a mouthful of flesh and Sunday trousers testified.

Gaining the fence, the hapless divine did not pause to examine his injured member. He swung to the overhanging limb of the nearest tree. By going from limb to limb among the closely-growing apple trees he hoped finally to make his way out of that dog-infested place. He tried to carry out this idea, but a tall heavy-boned negro is no light weight for the dead limb of an apple tree. About halfway down the line he stumbled upon such a limb and landed with a sickening thud among the hives beneath. This was too much for the good nature of their inhabitants. They arose in a mob to drive out the intruder who promptly took to his heels. He was angrily pursued. Stumbling he fell headlong into a small brook that ran through the lower end of the orchard. Here he flopped about like a huge hippopotamus, raising his head occasionally to take a panting breath. The water cooled the fiery ardor of the buzzing insects and they returned to their overturned homes.

The preacher smarting externally and internally emerged. He made a bee line for the fence that bounded the orchard. Gaining this he fell over it and rolled into the adjoining field.



CANNON BALL

This proved to be that blissful oasis in the life of the negro—a watermelon patch. The luscious fruit lay partly visible in the clear moonlight under clusters of caressing leaves. It was a temptation which no ebony-tinted man, even a preacher, could be expected to withstand. Skilled by previous experience, he selected a particularly beautiful Florida Favorite. He looked carefully about, but, seeing nothing, seated himself to enjoy it. Using a pocket-knife, he cut out a delicious piece of the firm, red heart, then all previous trials were forgotten in the enjoyment of the moment.

He had nearly finished his delightful repast when “Zip—bang.” He stretched out flat on the ground, while Farmer Brown, congratulating himself that he had at last caught the thief who had been ruining his crop of melons, blazed away several times. The buckshot tore the ground around the frightened darky, who lay shaking like a mass of chocolate gelatine. Trembling he at last ventured to rise. His ear ached where a shot had lodged. His legs smarted painfully where the pugnacious dog had bitten him. His banjo and his hat were gone, his suit ruined, and, worst of all, he had been unfeelingly humiliated!

Creeping stealthily to the neighboring barn, he saddled Cigarette, the farmer’s favorite riding horse, and disappeared from that unfriendly and irreligious community forever.

The following Sunday his successor united Miss Lilly Agnes and Mister Jeremiah Johnson in the enduring, though often chafing, bonds of wedlock.

ANNE B. DORSEY, '18.





Apollo

*Apollo did charm both gods and men with his melodious strains;
In like manner do these fair maids enchant their audiences.*



AN APPRECIATION

OF

Edward MacDowell

PROGRAMME BY PUPILS OF

Emma E. Hoffman and Sallie R. Wilson

ASSISTED BY MISS WILSON

IN THE AUDITORIUM, MARCH 5, 1917

Programme

1. Sketch of the Life and Work of Edward MacDowell,
MISS SALLIE R. WILSON
2. Piano—Alla Tarantella.....MAE MANSON
3. Vocal—From an Old Garden, Op. 26—
(a) The Clover }JESSIE JOHNSON
(b) The Blue Bell }
4. Piano—To a Wild Rose.....ELIZABETH LOCKE
5. Piano—A Scottish Tone Picture, KATHLEEN McDEARMON
6. Vocal—(a) Thy Beaming Eyes }LOUISE DAVIS
(b) Confidence }
(c) A Maid Sings Light }
7. Piano—ArabeskeBLANCHE O'KENNON
8. Vocal—(a) Long Ago, Sweetheart Mine } ZELIA TOWSEY
(b) The Sea }
9. Piano—(a) Scherzino }LOUISE WARE
(b) Hunting Song }
10. Vocal—(a) Sweetheart, Tell Me } BEATRICE WOHLFORD
(b) Merry Maid in Spring }
11. Piano—Hungarian.....PATTIE NIXON

CANNON BALL



Choral Class

MISS SALLIE R. WILSON.....*Director*
 MISS MARY T. NANCE.....*Accompanist*

Members

JEAN ACKISS
 SALLIE ACKISS
 MARIE ADAMS
 MARY ADKINS
 MARY BLANKENSHIP
 MABEL CATO
 RUBY CHASTANG
 FANNY CHRISTIE
 EMMA CROCKETT
 LOUISE DAVIS
 CECILE DEVIN

CELESTE FEDDEMAN
 EDNA FERGUSON
 LUCILE FUTRELL
 ISABELLE GOSLIN
 ELEANOR HEPLER
 JESSIE JOHNSON
 MARY LEIGH LOGWOOD
 IVA PHIPPS
 VARINA RHODES
 ELLA ROBERTSON
 JUANITA ROGERS

MARY ROBINSON
 CLARINE SCULL
 MYRTLE SHARPE
 EUNICE STEPHENSON
 ZELIA TOWSEY
 MARY TRUITT
 MARY WATERS
 OLLIE WHITEHEAD
 BEATRICE WOHLFORD
 MABEL WRIGHT



GLEE CLUB



Glee Club

Officers

SELDEN RAGLAND.....MANAGER
HANNAH HOUGH.....SECRETARY AND TREASURER
MISS HOFFMAN.....DIRECTOR
MISS JACOBS.....LEADER OF ORCHESTRA

Members

FIRST SOPRANO

CLARINE SCULL
SELDEN RAGLAND
NAOMI MANSFIELD

SECOND SOPRANO

JESSIE JOHNSON
HANNAH HOUGH
SALLIE ACKISS

FIRST CONTRALTO

MARY MAHOOD
ELEANOR HEPLER
AGNES FEREBEE

SECOND CONTRALTO

ZELIA TOWSEY
MARY FEILD PERSON
GLADYS MARKS

ACCOMPANIST

MAE MANSON

GUITAR

ANNE BASSETT
HELEN SHARPE

MISS JACOBS
MISS BENSON

MANDOLIN

FANNY CHRISTIE

DOROTHY FRANKLIN

FIRST VIOLIN

JESSIE SIMS

SECOND VIOLIN

ZELIA TOWSEY

READERS

BLANCHE O'KENNON

REBA CORBETT



Y. W. C. A. CABINET



Y. M. C. A.

Officers 1916-17

JULIETTE OMOHUNDRO	PRESIDENT
GLADYS McGRATH	VICE-PRESIDENT
HELEN TEASS	SECRETARY
REVA BINFORD	TREASURER

Chairmen of the Committees

BLANCHE SMITH.....	<i>Devotional</i>
ALICE LEE.....	<i>Decorative</i>
MARTHA PAGE.....	<i>Missionary</i>
GLADYS McGRATH	<i>Membership</i>
REVA BINFORD	<i>Finance</i>
ZELIA TOWSEY.....	<i>Music</i>
ALDAH MYRICK.....	<i>Publicity</i>
VIRGINIA BLAND.....	<i>Conference</i>
AVIS BASSETT	<i>Social</i>



Y. W. C. A.



THE Y. W. C. A. is the largest organization in College, and is therefore given a prominent place.

The purpose of the Association is that of all other associations of this name in our country.

The Y. W. C. A. takes a stand for all that is good; there is no specialization; if a girl is a good student the Y. W. C. A. encourages her to become a better one; if she is inclined toward athletics, it would inspire her to physical proficiency whether in the gymnasium or upon the athletic field; if she be a Christian, excellent opportunities are given to use her influence among those who are less fortunate; and, if she be not a follower of Christ, the active members endeavor by their influence to win her from this unfortunate course.

The Association is well organized to meet both social and spiritual needs. Prayer services with interesting programs are held in chapel every Wednesday afternoon throughout the session, and many students receive help and inspiration there.

The new session began with a reception for the new girls, which was held in the auditorium on the evening of September the twenty-ninth. A pageant, "The Spirit of Sisterhood," was given by the old members of the Association, and, with music, games, and refreshments, the new girls were made to feel at home at Blackstone College.

Lectures have been given throughout the session by the field secretaries and missionaries from the foreign fields.

A Christmas Bazaar was held on December the twelfth and the Association realized a goodly sum, which went to our Blue Ridge Conference Fund.

The Social and Devotional Committees made Thanksgiving Day and evening pleasant by interesting programs. Socials have been given to groups of Association members throughout the year, and thus the organization has been able to reach every member in a social way.



TOUGH.

The Olympian Athlete

*The robust spirit of the Olympian Athlete
Still lingers on our Athletic Fields.*

EANNON BALL

Basket-Ball Schedule

NOVEMBER 10	{ Senior Academic 25	NOVEMBER 16	{ Senior College 47
	{ Junior Academic 23		{ Junior College 17
NOVEMBER 17	{ Junior College 34	NOVEMBER 21	{ Senior College 24
	{ Junior Academic 27		{ Senior Academic 21
NOVEMBER 24	{ Senior College 29	NOVEMBER 25	{ Junior College 27
	{ Junior Academic 27		{ Senior Academic 18

CHAMPIONSHIP GAME

NOVEMBER 31	{ Senior College 24
	{ Junior College 17





Basket-Ball in the Fall of 1916



AS every one at B. C. G. has witnessed, basket-ball in the fall is a continuous series of practice and preliminary games. It is a violent conflict and a vehement struggle between the leading teams, namely, the College Senior and Junior and the Academic Senior and Junior, for the Championship and the honor of playing Thanksgiving. From September practice increases gradually in intenseness and vigor; but about two weeks before Thanksgiving, when basket-ball is the topic of all groups and conversations, it has reached its culmination. The sun as it peeps beyond the eastern horizon finds teams joyfully and industriously practicing for the final.

Then the prelims come—interest increases, enthusiasm rises, and excitement is everywhere contagious. Every one is anxious to know the outcome of these games; and, as each is played, they await the result with throbbing hearts, and eyes alert, watching every movement of the ball and the skillful players. These contests are soon over. Some teams have won and some have lost; some hearts are sad and disappointed while others are overflowing with happiness and delight; still all can not be conquerors, some must be the conquered. This is our consoling thought, and we take our defeats as inevitable and bear them as sportsmen; in fact, we are proud of being defeated once in a while. This year, after many fierce struggles, the College Senior and College Junior teams were victorious.

The Championship game now requires all our time and energy. We compose our yells and songs, practice our teams; we conceive new tricks and new dodges, new "silent and invisible" signals, new throws and catches with which to baffle our opponents in the final battle.

Thanksgiving rushes in before we are hardly aware of its approach, but no one is found sleeping on her job. Who is to gain the high tower first? Who is to get their colors highest? Who is to raise the flag, and, above all else, who are to be the Champions? These questions have been racking the minds of the girls all night, and the earliest break of day finds the College awakened by excited throngs of girls, running hither and thither with their colors, rushing in groups to the towers, the porches, the courts, and by break-

CANNON BALL

fast time old B. C. is aglow with gold and white and blue and white floating everywhere. The court is almost unrecognizable with the goals decorated with pennants and team colors.

Then comes the memorable game, the game that will linger in our minds "forever and a day," and the game that is to tell who are the real basket-ball players of Blackstone College. The court is thronged; the enthusiastic players, with hopes high, enter the field; and through the brisk November air the shrill note of the whistle is heard and the game begins.

The ball is tossed and the animated players watch and wait in breathless silence for it. The vast crowd looks on with a keen and appreciative interest, and on both sides every girl plays as if the game depends upon her. It is a close game for the first half, and, when the clear whistle announces "half up," the ball is speeding from one goal to the other; interest and excitement is being swayed with its very movements. The score is 14 to 12 in favor of the Seniors. Everything is keyed to the highest pitch and the moments during the short interval are agonizing. The second half commences. The Seniors star, the Juniors begin to slacken in quickness, to make wild throws, to miss the basket, and to lose. The ball now stays at the Senior goal; their play is wonderful, their score rapidly increases as if by magic, and this game is forever lost to the Juniors; but, along with the triumphant Seniors, the Champions of B. C., they rejoice.



THE CHAMPIONS

CANNON BALL



McGRATHCAPTAIN
 TRUITTBUSINESS MANAGER

Guards

TRUITT
 OMOHUNDRO
 CATO

Forwards

BRADSHAW
 MINTER
 PERSON

Side Centers

DOSHER
 BARROW
 McNEAL

Jumping Center

McGRATH

CANNON BALL

Jumping Center
HELEN AMES

Guards
MARY PITTMAN
MARGARET LIGHT
JESSIE SIMS

Substitutes
LOUISE WARE
LUCILE POND



Captain
MARGARET ELDER

Bus. Manager
THELMA GARLAND

Side Centers
MARGARET HALL
BESSIE VAUGHAN
HELEN SHARPE

Forwards
THELMA GARLAND
MARGARET ELDER

JUNIOR
COLLEGE
BASKET-BALL
TEAM

CANNON BALL



SENIOR ACADEMIC BASKET-BALL TEAM

HELEN TEASS.....CAPTAIN
 ANNE BASSETT.....BUSINESS MANAGER

Forwards

BOOKER LAND
 ANNE BASSETT

Side Centers

ALICE LEE
 HELEN TEASS

Jumping Center

ESTELLE HODGES

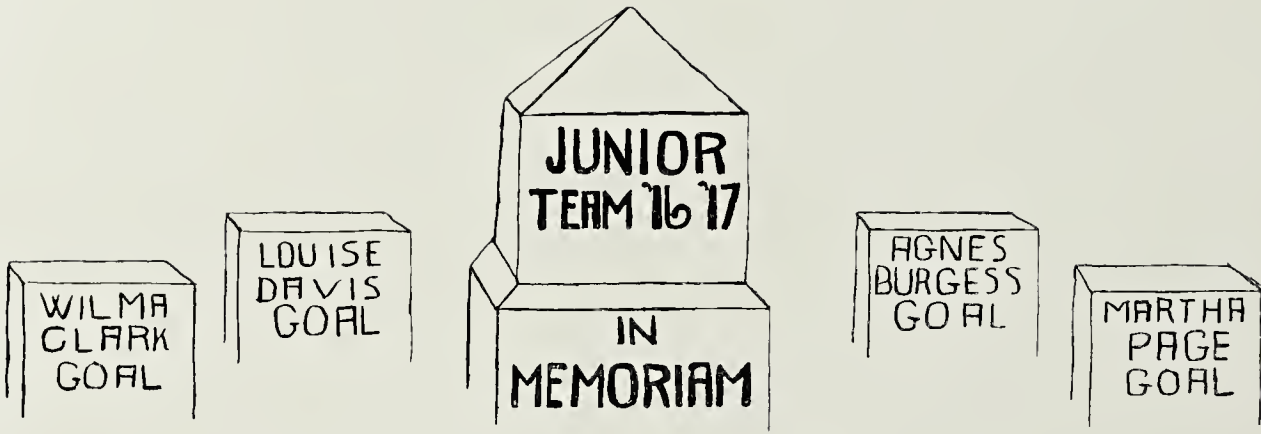
Guards

ELIZABETH BROWN
 LOIS HAYES

Substitutes

ROSA ROBERTSON
 REVA BINFORD

IVA PHIPPS
 AVIS BASSETT



CAPTAIN
ALDAH MYRICK
CENTER

LOTA LEIGH
DRAUGHON
GUARD

DEAD BEATS

WILLO
SITTERSON
CENTER

MARY
WATERS
GUARD

DOROTHY
FRANKLIN
CENTER

MARY
BURNETTE
GUARD



CANNON BALL

Squad I

ELIZABETH POWELL
Captain

ELIZABETH LOCKE
Business Manager

EMMA CROCKETT
NANCY HARRISON
VIRGINIA MEADE
NINA FULFORD
ESSIE ETHERIDGE
RUTH OULD
ANNIE GARRISS
LILLIAN JOHNSON
HONOR HAMILTON



Squad II

MYRTLE SHARPE
Captain

MARY CHRISTIAN
Business Manager

MARJORIE MARSH
MABEL JORDON
ROSE ELAM
ALICE DUNCAN
MARGARET TRADER
ELIZABETH MEYBERG
MYRTLE THOMPSON
MARGARET AUSTIN

CANNON BALL

Che! he! Che! ha!
 Che! he! Ha! ha!
 Junior College!
 Rah! Rah! Rah!

Niger, Niger, Hoe potato!
 Half-past Alligator!
 Milk shakes, griddle cakes,
 Sis! boom! bah!
 Seniors! Seniors!
 Rah! Rah! Rah!

Yackety-yack! Hooray! hooray!
 Team, team, can't they play!
 Rackety, whackety, wah-hoo-wah!
 Seniors! Rah! Rah! Rah!

C-o-l-l-e-g-e!
 That's the way to spell it—
 This is the way to yell it—
 College!!!

If you want to get a hay-rack,
 You've got to go away back;
 Get a bowl of bean soup,
 Take a bite of biscuit.
 C-h-a-w!

Peroxide! Peroxide!
 Let's give 'em peroxide!
 Suicide! Suicide!
 Make 'em take formaldehyde!!!

Rub-i-dub!
 Rub-i-dub!
 Rub-i-dub-do!
 Team! Team! Good for you!



Alligator, Alligator, Alligator, gar-gar!
 Who in thunder do you think we are?
 Don't you worry, we're all right!
 Juniors! Juniors! Green or White!!

Chica-a-eaca,
 Chica-a-eaca,
 Sis! boom! bah!
 Juniors! Juniors!
 Rah! Rah! Rah!

Yum! yum! fiddle, diddle tum;
 Hump, stump, flammadittle, aratribble!
 Rigdum! jidum!
 Bota, mota, cano, dilko dairs!
 Seniors! Seniors! Seniors!

Amo, Amas, Amat,
 We'll make the () trot!
 We'll raise the dust,
 We'll beat or bust!
 Amo, Amas, Amat!

Hobble-sobble-razzle-dazzle,
 Grab the ball to run!
 We will beat 'em, we will beat 'em,
 Just for fun!

Hail, Juniors! Hail!
 Hail, Eighteen! Hail!
 O College team of all the rest,
 Our praises never fail!

Booma-eaca,
 Chica-eaca,
 Who are we?
 Juniors! Juniors!
 Don't you see?

CANNON BALL



Junior Academic Racket Raisers

AGNES FEREBEE.....Racket	LUCILE BAXTER.....First Ball
WILMA CLARK.....Net	CARRIE LEE CLARK.....Second Ball

The Court

ELIZABETH ARRINGTON
 GLADYS BALLANCE
 MARY BURNETTE
 AGNES BURGESS
 LOUISE DAVIS
 ETHLE DIXON
 LOTA LEIGH DRAUGHON
 ESSIE ETHERIDGE
 MARTHA GARBEЕ
 RUTH HARRIS
 NANCY HARRISON
 ELIZABETH HEADLEY

ELEANOR HEPLER
 HANNAH HOUGH
 QUINCY HUFF
 KESSIE HUFF
 SARAH JONES
 MARTIE KIRWAN
 GEORGIE KYLE
 MYRTLE LEWIS
 KATHLEEN MCDEARMON
 PATTIE NIXON
 LOUISE OTWELL
 RUTH OULD

MARTHA PAGE
 JUANITA ROGERS
 DOROTHY SPARKLIN
 MYRTLE THOMPSON
 HELEN TAYLOR
 WINIFRED THORNTON
 NETTIE TRADER
 MYRA VAUGHAN
 MARY WATERS
 MABEL WRIGHT
 AMELIA WOOTEN



PHYSICAL EDUCATION CLASS



Physical Education

BRUCE REDD, *Instructor*

MOTTO: Exercise was first invented to refresh men's weary spirits, and some professed gymnics to exhilarate their minds and exercise their bodies

Members

PHOEBE ADKINS
SARAH ANDERSON
DOROTHY BALL
AGNES BEVAN
JESSIE BROWN
ELIZABETH CASTLEBERRY
FANNIE CHRISTIE
MARY CHRISTIAN
CARRIE LEE CLARK
HELEN CLARK
WILMA CLARK
ALICE CLAY
REBA CORBETT
SALLY CRICHTON
EMMA CROCKETT
AGNES CUNNINGHAM
LOUISE DAVIS
LOTA LEIGH DRAUGHON
ESSIE ETHERIDGE
GLADYS FRAZIER
EULA FERGUSON
DOROTHY FREYSTADT
RUTH GAITHER

ESTHER GLADYS GAYLE
ERNEST GIBSON
KATHLEEN GILLS
ISABEL GOSLIN
LOUISE GRAVELY
HONOR HAMILTON
RUTH HARRIS
NANCY HARRISON
LYLA HENDERSON
THELMA HENDERSON
MARIE HINES
CLARA HOOKER
RESSIE HUFF
CALLIE JONES
MABEL JORDAN
BERNICE KNIGHT
ELIZABETH LOCKE
MARJORIE MARSH
GLADYS MARKS
NELL MATHEWS
VIRGINIA MEADE
ELIZABETH MEYBERG

DORIS MOORE
MARY MOORE
BERTHA MCLEOD
BLANCHE O'KENNON
ELSIE OLD
SARA O'NEAL
COLUMBIA PINER
ETHEL PITTMAN
ELIZABETH POWELL
RUTH RICHARDSON
NELLE SCOTT
CLARINE SCULL
GRACE SINGLETON
NETTIE TRADER
MYRTLE THOMPSON
BERTHA USILTON
MARGARET VAUGHAN
ELIZABETH WEST
MARGARET WEST
LULA WHITEHURST
LOUISE WINDSOR
MYRTLE WYNN



A Tale of Wizard Clip



IN the southeast part of Jefferson County, West Virginia, half a mile from the Opequon River, is a tiny, drowsy, though well-to-do, village called Wizard Clip by the natives and Middletown by the post-office authorities. The former name it got from the singular legend (connected with a house that stood on the outskirts of the town) which I will endeavor to relate to you later on in my story. The latter name of Middletown the village got from being equi-distant from Martinsburg, Winchester, and Harper's Ferry. The most marked characteristic of all the inhabitants is their intense superstition and unshakable belief in all the village legends, of which there are many. To this village, then, John Harrison was slowly journeying late one evening in the early part of July. He was on foot, and coming to see about some valuable coal fields which he owned.

As he neared Wizard Clip, a violent electric storm, which had been threatening all afternoon, broke. First a few drops fell, then suddenly the storm began in earnest. At the first drops, he started running, in hopes of reaching a shelter before the storm grew very severe. He hurried on and on, but the village was quite a little distance away and each moment the storm became worse. The ominous rumble of thunder was near and he was soaking wet, when just ahead he espied a tall, lonely house peering gloomily and forebodingly from out of the darkness.

Breathlessly he broke in the door, and found himself in a world of darkness. Just then a streak of lightning illuminated the spot, and he saw that he was in a wide, bare room with several doors, presumably leading to other parts of the house. John felt in his pockets and found a box with only several matches in it. He lit one and on a mantel saw a bit of candle, which he promptly made use of.

He held the candle high over his head and started exploring. Meanwhile the storm was raging with unabated fury. The thunder crashed and the lightning was vivid.

As he opened a door and passed into the next room his candle was suddenly snuffed out and the door closed with a ghostly bang, although there was not a bit of wind. John again lit the candle and again it was snuffed out.



A third time he tried, with the same result. He had only two matches left, so he did not attempt to light it any more. Just then another flash of lightning seemed to show him a white figure across the room. At the same time he became aware of a monotonous clipping sound, as if a pair of giant scissors were going clip, clip—clip, clip. Ever that perpetual clip, clip. It made him nervous and he struck another match. It stayed lit for a few seconds, and, as he put his hand in his pocket, he felt some shreds. By the dim gleam of the candle he saw they were his handkerchief and gloves cut in crescents by that awful, insistent, mysterious clipping. John gazed at the wild storm and a shudder went up and down his spine as he thought of having to stay all night in this horrible, haunted house.

He went to one side of the room, and, after spreading out his coat, tried to get some much-needed sleep. For a long time he lay awake with the frightful clipping ringing in his ears. At length he fell into an uneasy slumber.

All at once a terrific thunder clap roused him. Outside it seemed as though the heavens were torn loose. It was just the weird hour of midnight. The wind howled mournfully. From a distance he heard an ominous clanging of rusty chains. Nearer and nearer the noise approached. Then he heard wild horses galloping around and around the house. He thought he would go mad and lay huddled up against the wall, half-crazed with fear, and muttering prayers.

How long he lay in this position he never knew. But when he regained consciousness the friendly sun was streaming in on him. Recollecting the events of the night, he arose and went over the house. All was still, too still, and the house was barren and forlorn. He found nothing.

John set out for the village, which was near. After reaching Wizard Clip, he first went to the little Inn for his breakfast. When he came out the sun was mounting high in the heavens and steam was rising from the rain-soaked ground where the hot rays of the sun beat upon it. A little way up the queer, crooked old street, comfortably seated in a chair which was tilted against a tree, was the village Rip Van Winkle whittling a stick.

John went up to him and spoke. "Say," he said, "can you tell me anything about that big, empty house a little way down the road? I was caught in the storm last night and would like to know if my experiences there were due to a perverted imagination or not."



CANNON BALL

“Wa-al, I’ll swan, man, you don’t mean that thar Livingstone House down the road a leetle way, do you?” inquired the Old Settler, coming to his feet in surprise. “You don’t mean ter tell me you spent a night thar? Why, man, that place is hanted, and won’t nary man nor beast fer miles around go nigh thar after dark, and precious few will go in it in daylight, although now the hants are restin’ then. I wouldn’t go thar myself fer a million dollar! What’s the matter? Wa-al, I’ll tell you as ’twas told ter me by my pa. And mind you, sir, this is the gospel truth: yes, the *gospel truth*. This here leetle village gets its handle of Wizard Clip from this tale.”

The Old Settler spat out some tobacco juice, resettled himself in his chair, and, after taking a fresh chew of tobacco, began thus:

“Long years ago in about the year 1779 that old house was the home of Adam Livingstone, who had a large farm. Then thar was not railroads, ner nothin’, and all transportation was done by wagons, which passed in front of his house. One cold, wintry, stormy evening a bedraggled stranger come ter thar door and asked fer food and shelter fer the night. He was welcomed with true old Virginia hospitality.

“A few hours after retirin’ the stranger sent fer Mr. Livingstone and told him he was very sick. The poor cuss knew he didn’t have much longer ter live in this here vale o’ tears, and he requested his host ter send at once fer a priest of the Church of Rome, ter administer ter him the last rites. But Mr. Livingstone was a prejudiced man, who hated the Catholics, and he swore that no priest should enter his home. The stranger begged again and again that a priest might be brought, but his host was stubborn. At the weird hour of midnight, while the storm was ragin’ fiercely, and the Opequon was a boilin’ torrent, the stranger died, unblessed and unshriven.

“Before the burial, several young men sat up with the corpse. They was much frightened by the candles always bein’ snuffed out by some mysterious power. They went out jest like yours did last night. Then, too, great blazin’ logs from the fireplace kept rollin’ out into the room and whirlin’ around in a ghostly dance, sputterin’, and seemed like they possessed devilish intelligence. As soon as they was put back in the grate they would hop out and do the same thing at short intervals all night long.



CANNON BALL

“Then what appeared like ropes was stretched across the road by the house. When the teamsters come by the house the ropes stopped them, yet when they tried to cut the ropes their knives went through the air without any resistance.

“Next the folks was tormented in another way. A sharp, clipping sound, as if from a pair of invisible scissors was heard all over the house, and the clothes of the family, table linen, bedclothing, harness, and saddles was cut up in the shape of a crescent. One day a lady was visitin’ them and was admirin’ the flock of ducks, when suddenly the clippin’ was heard and one by one the ducks’ heads fell off, as though cut by scissors. A young man from Winchester once went ter the house ter a dance with his ladylove. All at once the clippin’ was heard, and, while he was dancin’, his trousers was entirely cut from the waistband in the back in crescents. So he was tickled sick to back out of the house and leave. Now a murrain seized Mr. Livingstone’s cattle and a large sum of money disappeared. That was the last straw. After that the folks left that house and said a dead man’s curse was on it. And I spec’ they was pert’ nigh right too.

“No one ever lived in the house after that, and every now and then some smart Aleck’s try ter spend a night thar, but I allus notice they ain’t anxious ter repeat the experiment.”

After the Old Settler had finished his tale, John appeared to be lost in thought for a little while. “Do you know,” he at length said, “if I could get some one to go back with me, I think I would spend another night there. Now I know what to expect.”

The old man looked at him incredulously. “Wa-al, all the fools ain’t dead yet, I see. But here comes down the street now a young dare-devil who might go with you.”

John went up to the young man who was approaching and eagerly told him the story. After a little hesitation, the young man, whose name was Buck, said he would. “Anyhow,” he said, “my gal’s just kicked me, and it would serve her right and proper if a ghost was to take me away.”

After making the necessary preparations for the adventure, Buck took John on an exploring expedition over the town. He pointed out the Stranger’s grave, near the troubled waters of the Opequon, showed him the bottomless



CANNON BALL

well where a man in a wagon fell in, and took him past the alley which all the natives feared to pass, because two men had fallen dead in going by it.

When he had seen all the sights, John laughed a little and said, "All these tales about ghosts and witches take me back to my childhood days, and remind me of the times I was alone in the dark, fearful of awful supernatural things, such as ghosts and goblins."

A little while before dusk the two young men, "fools," as the Old Settler called them, set out for the House of Mystery with lanterns and other equipment. As they neared the house, John eyed it with much interest. He saw that the building had once been a noble one, but with the combined causes of time and neglect, the magnificent structure was fast crumbling to ruins, and he knew that to a not so very far distant posterity the spell of this the wonder house of Clip, would be forever broken, and the spirits which were so active now, would die with the decay of their abode, and then be only a tale to be told of them around the fireside by their grandparents. He saw, too, that succeeding generations would scoff at the idea of such occurrences and mock the narrators behind their backs.

The footsteps of the two adventurers as they entered the door sent a hollow echo over the house. They found themselves, immediately upon crossing the threshold, to be in a wide, spacious hall, such as are found in the houses of the Old Colonial Days, when this part of the State was still Virginia, and the existence of a West Virginia entirely undreamed of. All around them they saw nothing but signs of desolation, and an air of mystery of ghostliness, hung over the house and caused involuntary shivers from even the stoutest hearts. John and Buck went through the downstairs of the house, and prepared to make themselves comfortable. It was growing slightly chilly, as it often does in July, so Buck built a fire in the wide, old-fashioned grate in the parlor. Then they went upstairs and decided where they would sleep.

Now it was dark outside. They seated themselves on either side of the fireplace. A door had been left open, and suddenly it closed with a hollow bang that made both the young men jump. Then another closed in the same manner. Buck laughed nervously. "'Tain't nothin'," he reassured John, "don't get skeered."

"O I'm not, don't worry," was his companion's reply.



CANNON BALL

They sat for a few minutes in silence, and then began talking, discussing the curious history of the house. Along about ten o'clock the clipping started. At first, nothing was cut, then Buck's coat, which was hanging over a chair, fell to pieces, cut in crescents. "Say," said Buck a little shakily, "don't you think it is almost time we hit the hay?"

"Barkis is willin'," replied John, rising enthusiastically.

"I don't know nothin' 'bout Barkis, but it appears to me like the hants was willin' to-night." This from Buck.

So they went upstairs, and each lay down in a separate room. Buck, being tired, sailed off to the Land of Dreams at once. He knew, or heard, nothing until just about midnight, when suddenly a wild piercing scream of "Help! Help!" broke the death-like stillness. Again the cry rang out, in a tone of mortal agony. Buck jumped to his feet as if shot. The screams came from John's room. Blind terror gripped him. Without a moment's delay, he fled from the house, pursued by those awful cries.

After he got home, and roused the sleeping household, his story was listened to incredulously. They said he ought to have had better sense than to go there in the first place, and advised him to go to bed.

Nevertheless, early the next morning, Buck gathered together a party of young men, and they set out for the Livingstone House to see what had become of John. Several men carried guns.

All was still at the house. They entered cautiously, and made a careful tour of the downstairs. Nothing was discovered. They found Buck's coat, which had been clipped into crescents the night before.

Then, fearfully, the young men began to climb the stairs. A curious odor was hovering about them, which became stronger as they mounted higher. Buck's heart thumped especially loud as they tiptoed to the door of the room that John had occupied. They all hesitated on the threshold, when one lad, bolder than the rest, walked in. Suddenly a piercing cry of horror brought the others to his side. And there, stretched on the bed as he had slept, with blood all over the sheets, lay the dead body of John Harrison, cut in the shape of three perfect crescents!

ELIZABETH BLUE LOCKE.



Paris and Helen

*Wise Paris! To know that the choicest of Society
Was to be with the fairest of women.*

CANNON BALL

Statistics



MARTHA HITE

"Popular"

"Her own character is of every one's fortune."



BESSIE VAUGHAN

"Coquette"

"If ladies be but young and fair,
They have the gift to know it."



LOTA LEIGH DRAUGHON

"Original"

"Yet she is more original than her originals."



AGNES CUNNINGHAM

"Attractive"

"The attractiveness that won,
Who saw her wished her stay."

CANNONBALL



JULIETTE OMOHUNDRO

"Best All-Round"

"The triple alliance of three great powers:
Love, Sympathy, and Help."

NANCY BRADSHAW

"Dignified"

"She moves a goddess and
She looks a queen."

ZELIA TOWSEY

"Best Singer"

"I do but sing because I must, and pipe but
as the linnets sing."

VERNA JACKSON

"Winsome"

"The mildest manners, the gentlest heart."

CANNON BALL



SUSIE WYNN

"Musician"

"Men, even when alone, lighten their labor with music, however rude it may be."

ALICE CLAY

"Studious"

"Who climbs the grammar tree, distinctly knows where verb, pronoun, and participle grows."

GLADYS McGRATH

"Clever"

"Age can not wither her, nor custom stale
Her infinite variety."

RUTH MONCURE

"Wittiest"

"Her wit shines at the expense of her memory."

CANNON BALL



DORIS MOORE

"Happiest"

"Happy am I, from care I'm free,
Why can't all be contented like me?"

REBA CORBETT

"Laziest"

"The scholar who cherishes the love of com-
fort is not fit to be deemed a scholar."

JESSIE SIMS

"Athlete"

"Oh, it is excellent to have a giant's strength!"

CANNON BALL

Society

September 23—Students matriculate.

September 25—"Stunt" night.

September 29—Assembled in the auditorium, the Y. W. C. A. entertained the new girls with "The Pageant of Sisterhood."

October 16—Opening Address—Rev. F. R. Chenault.

October 31—Gathered upon the campus, hovered around a big bonfire, the girls enjoyed the Hallowe'en evening immensely. An attractive program was given, and later we participated in a feast, consisting of apples, peanuts, cakes, and toasted marshmallows.



November 24—Francis James O'Donnell read the "Sign of the Cross."

November 27—Baptist Reception given at Baptist Church.

November 30—Just as the sun was radiating its beams over the tall, stately pines, and sending its rays through the curtains, and the scent of the November breeze filling the air, Thanksgiving Day began.



Six o'clock found the campus lined with College Juniors and Seniors, who were full of college spirit and rivalry, decorating the campus with their colors and filling the air with the roar of their patriotism. Banners of each class were floating high in the air, exhaling the words of praise for their class.

The same schedule as has been the custom was used, and as it has always been thought best, that only two meals should be consumed on this day.

The breakfast gong began ringing at 9:30, and the girls were walking swiftly in the halls and on the campus, eager to know the outcome of the strenuous adventure, "Basket-Ball Game."

While walking in the halls, you could hear noises as if coming from collisions of sonorous bodies. Your curiosity would lead you to the scene, and, on approaching nearer, you could view a crowd of either College class, yelling and shouting to their hearts' content.

At eleven o'clock the school body assembled in chapel to have the usual "Thanksgiving Service" held by the Y. W. C. A.

The weather became dark and dreary, thunder clouds rolled and clashed, but soon vanished, and we were not disappointed.

The hour came for the Juniors and Seniors to enter upon the court as Spartus the Gladiator entered upon the arena. At the end of the first half the score was close, but, ah! the Juniors, tired and worn from the great intellectual plays and tricks of the Seniors, were at last defeated. However, the Juniors soon forgot the defeat as they were ushered into the dining-room, where laid the delicious dinner.

M E N U

CELERY		PICKLES
HAM	CRANBERRY SAUCE	TURKEY
CREAM POTATOES		GREEN PEAS
BUTTER	BAKED POTATOES	ROLLS
TEA		COFFEE
MINCE PIES		
FRUIT		

CANNON BALL

During dinner toasts were given and school spirit abounded everywhere. The Thanksgiving Program was given that night, and then "Mr. Thanksgiving" slipped away without our permission.

December 2—College Faculty Music Recital.

December 6—National Glee Club.

December 12—Y. W. C. A. Social.

December 18—College Examinations.

January 15—"Quintette" of Ithaca Conservatory.

February 12—Miss Cannon entertained College Seniors.



February 16—Y. W. C. A. gave social at Dr. Cannon's residence.

February 25—Boston Art Company.

March 2—"Mock Trial."



ART CLASS



An Interesting Affair

Miss Burton gave a party,
And this is who was there—
All the rules and formulas,
And chemicals, forty pair.

First there came a procession
Of definitions a-plenty ;
Of the laws of Charles and Boyle,
And experiments, about twenty.

Next in line came the bases,
In laces and chiffon,
And marching behind were the acids—
The greatest hangers on.

Then came hydrogen peroxide,
In company with hydrochloric acid ;
And bringing up the rear was sodium hydroxide
Making love to sulphuric acid.

Then the dance began,
And sodium with potassium paired.
They did the Lame Duck and Hesitation,
And then the dance they squared.

And when the dance was ended
The midnight supper they ate,
With the halogens acting as waiters,
Supervised by calcium carbonate.

First to them was served sulphur
On toast and "a la crème,"
And air in every form,
From frozen down to steam.

Then they were given a souvenir
Of silver in all its forms,
And they made ready for departure
Amid exclamations in storms !

Then the final adieux were made,
And each taken home by an electrolyte.
All said they had enjoyed it
More than they had for many a night.

M. X.



Epicureans

*Can it be that the numerous clubs of to-day
Had their origin among the Epicureans?*

CANNON BALL



Eastern Shore Club

MOTTO: Onward, upward

FLOWER: Evergreen

Members

RUTH GILL
ELIZABETH HOLLIS
MYRTLE LEWIS
LOUISE OTWELL
ELIZABETH POWELL
NELLE SCOTT

GLADYS SMITH
BLANCHE SMITH
ROSA TAYLOR
HELEN TAYLOR
NETTIE TRADER

Honorary Member

MISS CHARLOTTE L. STOKLEY

CANNON BALL



Northern Neck Club

MOTTO: When the midnight choo-choo leaves for Northern Neck

BYWORD: All aboard!

Members

BALL
BEVAN
BRADSHAW
BURGESS
DEY
DORSEY

GAYLE
GARLAND
HEADLEY
KIRWAN
MCNEAL
MORGAN

OMOHUNDRO
RICHARDSON
SHELL
TRADER
TRUITT

Honorary Member

MRS. IDA SMITH

CANNON BALL



Mountain Maiden's Club

MOTTO: "Ever loyal to the mountains"

Officers

MAUD LEWIS.....	PRESIDENT
NANCY HARRISON.....	VICE-PRESIDENT
EMMA CROCKETT.....	KEEPER OF RECORDS
LUCY HUNYCUTT.....	HANDLER OF FUNDS

Members

Greatest Aim

"BABY" CROCKETT.....	To organize a Joke Club
"OODIE TUT" HUNYCUTT.....	To win a heart
"PUD" HARRISON.....	Violinist
"TED" LEWIS.....	To be famous in Expression
"GINGER" MEADE.....	Spinster
"HOB" STEELE.....	Pianist
"SLIM" STEELE.....	To marry a rich man
"LADY MARIE" WOLFE.....	To be an artist

CANNON BALL



Bedford Club

MOTTO: "True as the blue of the mountains"

COLORS: Green and Gold

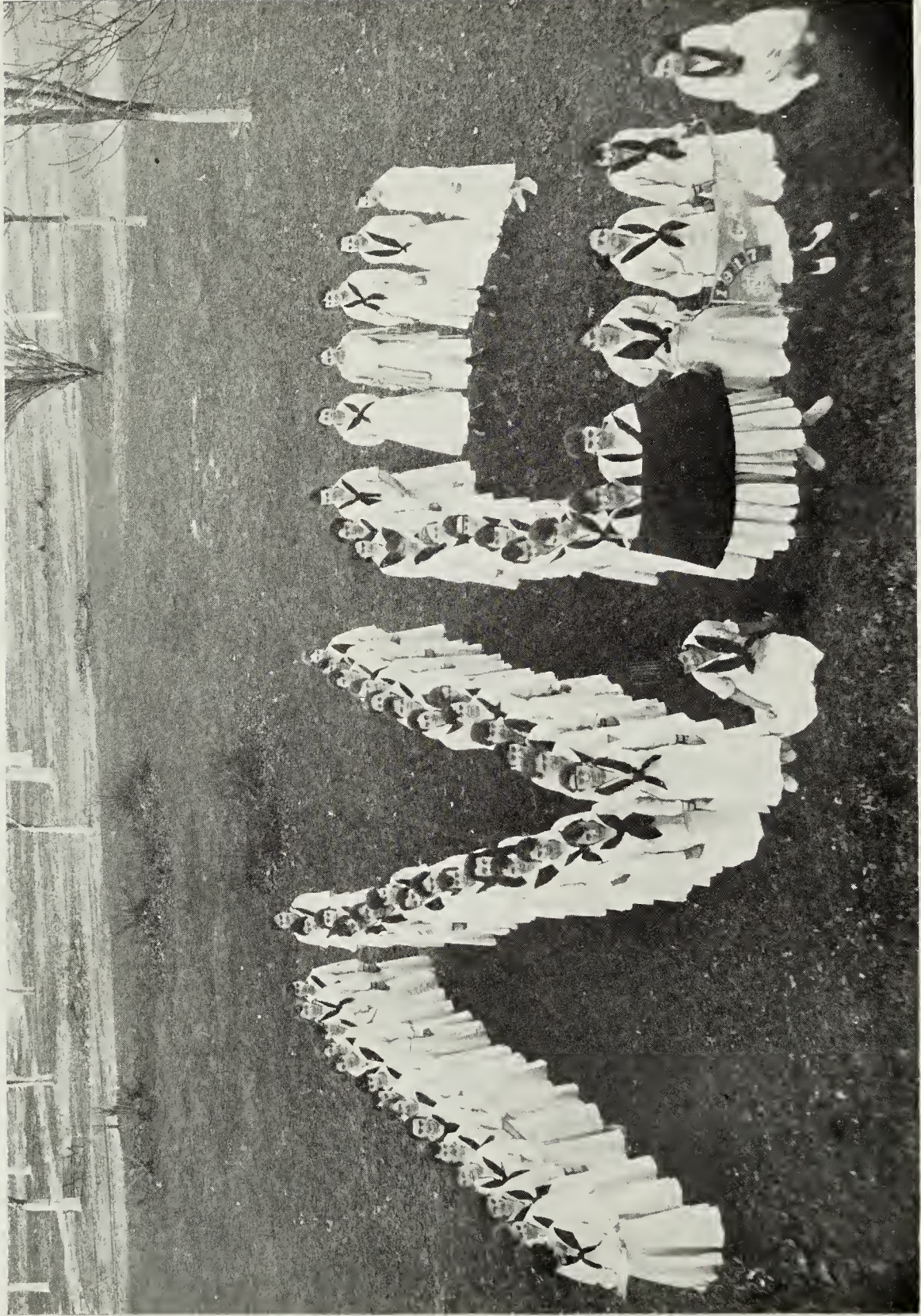
FLOWER: Mountain Laurel

Officers

HELEN TEASS.....	PRESIDENT
MABEL WRIGHT.....	VICE-PRESIDENT
ETHEL DAVIS.....	SECRETARY
MARY BURNETTE.....	TREASURER

Members

HELEN TEASS	MARY BURNETTE	WILLIE ARRINGTON	PAULINE LOGWOOD
EVA PENN	JANIE BURNETTE	ELIZABETH ARRINGTON	LUCILE OVERSTREET
ETHEL DAVIS	JESSIE CAMDEN	FRANCES ARRINGTON	FRANCES MURRILL
MABEL WRIGHT	LOUISE TAYLOR	KATHLEEN MCDARMON	MARY LEIGH LOGWOOD
CARRIE CARNER	ELIZABETH BROWN	RUBY LANSDOWNE	
MELBA NANCE	FRONIE WELLS	LILLIAN HOGAN	



TAR HEEL CLUB



Tar Heel Club

Our Future State Staff

LOTA LEIGH DRAUGHON.....	<i>Governor</i>
CARRIE LEE CLARK.....	<i>Lieutenant-Governor</i>
MARTHA EPPS PAGE.....	<i>Attorney-General</i>
ALICE SANDERS.....	<i>Secretary of Commonwealth</i>
PATTIE NIXON.....	<i>Treasurer</i>
AGNES FEREBEE.....	<i>Superintendent of Public Instruction</i>
HELEN SHARPE.....	<i>Commissioner of Agriculture</i>

“Here’s to the land of the cotton and corn,
 The dear old Southland, the land where I was born;
 And there’s no place under God’s blue dome,
 That I’d rather have for “Home, Sweet Home.”

Members

ACKISS	CROWDER	JONES	SCULL
ACKISS	CUTCHIN	KYLE	SHARPE
ADKINS	DAVIS	LEE	SITTERSON
ALSTON	DRAUGHON	LOWRY	SMITH
AUSBON	DUNCAN	MCLEOD	STAFFORD
BALLANCE	ETHERIDGE	NOBLIN	STEVENS
BANES	FELTON	NIXON	STEWART
BARNETTE	FEREBEE	NIXON	SOUTHERLAND
BAXTER	FULFORD	O’NEAL	TURLINGTON
BOWLAND	FUTRELL	PAGE	VAUGHAN
BRANNOCK	GAITHER	PINER	WATERFIELD
BRITTON	GARRISS	PITTMAN	WEST
CALLAHAN	HARRIS	ROBERTSON	WHITE
CLARK	HARRELL	ROBERTSON	WHITEHURST
CLARK	HAYES	SANDERS	WRIGHT
CORBETT	JOHNSON	SAWYER	

CANNON BALL



Desperadoes

Oh, my stars we're desperate!
But why you'll never know,
Because we're not allowed to tell,
They've every one told us so.

But all the same we're happy—
A go-lucky crowd, you see;
We always carry a smiling face
No matter how tough things may be.

And, by the example we set,
We try to make others live
So they'll take cheerfully
Whatever fate may give.

There are times when we rebel,
Because of the way things go;
But in the end we are thankful
That the right we've been made to know.

Members

SELDEN RAGLAND
MARION PASSMORE
MARY FOSTER

CARRIE CARNER
CECILE DEVIN
LILLIAN HOGAN

ALICE HARDY
HELEN TEASS
CORNELIA WRIGHT

LUCILLE ANDERSON
ANNIE PRICE

CANNON BALL



Cupid's Targets

MOTTO: If hit shoot back

FLOWER: Bleeding Heart

SONG: "Why Don't You Tell Me You Love Me?"

Members

LUCILE BAXTER.....	Divided heart
LESSIE BARNETTE.....	Lingering
CARRIE LEE CLARK.....	Just struck
WILMA CLARK.....	Least hit
AGNES FEREBEE.....	In danger
MARY FOSTER.....	Easily hit
BOOKER LAND.....	Hardest hit
ALICE LEE.....	Glanced
ELLEN PASSMORE.....	Pierced
MARION PASSMORE.....	Fatally wounded
IVA PHIPPS.....	Gone!!!
BLANCHE SMITH.....	Brightest target
JENNIE SOUTHERLAND.....	Wounded recently
FRONIE WELLS.....	Hopeless case

CANNON BALL



Woo! Woo! Woo!!

FLOWER: Moonflower

KNOCK: _____

MEETING PLACE: 73 O. B.

Hour: Midnight

SONG: "The teachers will get you if you don't watch out"

MOTTO: Be not afraid at the midnight hour

Members

S. ACKISS
J. ACKISS
V. CHANNELL
F. CHRISTIE
R. CORBETT
A. CUNNINGHAM
L. DAVIS

M. FOSTER
A. HAWKINS
E. PITTMAN
G. SINGLETON
B. STOWE
W. THORNTON
A. WOOTEN

CANNON BALL



The Tragical Comedy Club

MOTTO: "Give to the world the best you have,
And the best will come back to you."

Officers

MAUDE LEWIS.....PRESIDENT
 ELIZABETH WEST.....SECRETARY AND TREASURER
 MISS BRUCE REDD.....INSTRUCTOR

Members

LUCY B. ADAMS	NANCY HARRISON	MAUDE LEWIS	RUTH OULD
RUTH BROWN	EDITH HARRIS	MARTHA LOTSPEICH	MARGARET VAUGHAN
EMMA CROCKETT	RESSIE HUFF	NELLIE MILLER	ELIZABETH WEST
REBA CORBETT	SARAH JONES	BLANCHE O'KENNON	

CANNON BALL



The Dreamers

OUR AIM: We, as the only literary club in the College, desire to do all in our power to create a love for the best literature, to promote the school spirit, and to lay the foundations for literary societies which we hope to have in the near future.

FLOWER: Moonflower

COLORS: Midnight Blue and Silver Gray

Members

ALDAH MYRICK, <i>President</i>	"Original dreamer"
ANNE BASSETT, <i>Vice-President</i>	"Sweet dreamer"
LOTA LEIGH DRAUGHON, <i>Secretary and Treasurer</i>	"Nightmare"
AVIS BASSETT.....	"Weaver of dreams"
MISS ELSPETH BENSON.....	"Mysterious dreamer"
ELIZABETH BROWN.....	"'Tin Lizzie' dreamer"
MISS ROBBIE MCCORD.....	"Vision of bliss"
CLARINE SCULL.....	"'Little' dreamer"
HELEN SHARPE.....	"Sharp dreamer"
JESSIE SIMS.....	"The cowboy's dream"
MISS CHARLOTTE STOAKLEY.....	"Ideal dreamer"
ZELIA TOWSEY.....	"Jovial dreamer"

Honorary Dreamer

JULIETTE OMOHUNDRO.....	"Optimistic dreamer"
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CANNON BALL



S. O. E.

MOTTO: "Cram"

FLOWER: Nasturtium

COLORS: Pea Green and Salmon

Members

HELEN AMES
BERNICE KNIGHT
MARY FEILD PERSON

LUCILE POND
LOUISE WARE
MARCIA WHITE

BESSIE VAUGHAN

CANNON BALL



T. B. K.

COLORS: Red and Black

MOTTO: *Conduisez votre canos à vous*

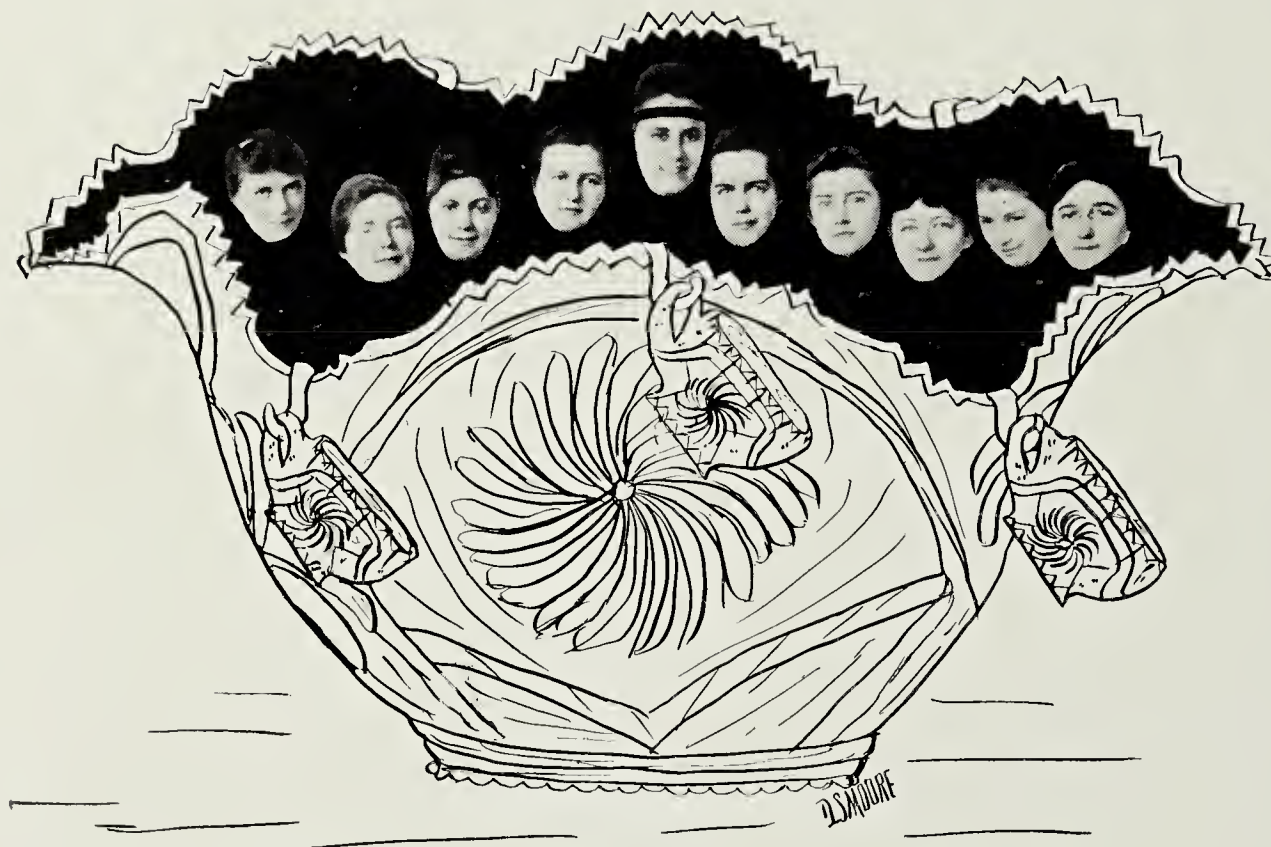
"SAMIE" MAHOOD.....	President
"REX" MONCURE.....	Vice-President
"WAL" TRADER.....	Secretary
"CURE" MOORE.....	Artist
"CHAPPIE" CLARK.....	Cribber
"JACKIE" O'KENNON.....	Author
"DICK" ROGERS.....	Musician
"THOM" MEYBERG.....	Fascinator
"PET" HINES.....	Flirt
"BOB" GAITHER.....	Entertainer
"PETE" CHRISTIAN.....	Actor
"ROPER" OTWELL.....	Crusher
"FUZZY" OULD.....	Bluffer
"DOC" JORDAN.....	Heart Breaker

CANNON BALL



LOUISE DAVIS
SALLIE ACKISS
BLANCHE STOWE
ETHEL PITTMAN
ADELLE HAWKINS
GRACE SINGLETON

AMELIA WOOTEN
JEAN ACKISS
VIRGINIA CHANNELL
REBA CORBETT
WINIFRED THORNTON



The Frappe

MOTTO: "Eat all you can;
 Drink all you can;
 Avoid busting."

FLOWER: Poppy

Members

MARIE ADAMS.....	"Cheerie" (Cherry)
CELESTE FEDDEMAN.....	"Queen" (Quince)
MYRTLE LEWIS.....	"Nan" (Banana)
MARY MAHOOD.....	"Ape" (Apricot)
LOUISE OTWELL.....	"Goose" (Gooseberries)
GLADYS SMITH.....	"Pine" (Pineapple)
BLANCHE SMITH.....	"Tamberine" (Tangerine)
ROSA TAYLOR.....	"Lemon" (Lemon)
HELEN TAYLOR.....	"Pair" (Pear)
NETTIE TRADER.....	"Dates" (Date)

CANNON BALL



K. K. K.

MOTTO: I came, I saw, I ate

COLORS: Salmon Pink and Pea Green

FLOWER: Cabbage Rose

The Keppæ

ANNE BASSETT
LILY HOOKER
ALMA HOPKINS
AVIS BASSETT

ANNIE PRICE
ANNIE HOPKINS
HELEN TEASS
REVA BINFORD

CANNON BALL



Atopia

- JESSIE JOHNSON—"Pretty is as pretty does."
MAE MANSON—Whose fairy fingers fly over the irons with skill.
DOROTHY FRANKLIN—Oh, those laughing eyes!
LOTA LEIGH DRAUGHON—She was wise from her head up (and is).
CLARINE SCULL—Whose voice hath power to charm all ills.
ALDAH MYRICK—Who wields her brush with unequalled skill.
SELDEN RAGLAND—Our one fair, dignified Senior.
AGNES FEREBEE—An all-round Junior.
HANNAH HOUGH—A little mixture!
BLANCHE O'KENNON—Whose daily task is to keep up with her cases.
NAOMI MANSFIELD—Whose dimples are forever playing in a smile.

CANNON BALL



MARTHA HITE
RUTH MINTER
MARY WILLIS

MABEL CATO
MARY TRUITT
IDELLE MCNEAL

JULIETTE OMOHUNDRO
VARINA RHODES
LOIS DOSHER
FANNIE CHRISTIE
ALLIE MAE DICKERSON

GERTRUDE MORGAN
NANNIE BRADSHAW
MARY VIRGINIA BUSSELLS

FRANCES HALL
AGNES CUNNINGHAM

GLADYS MARKS
GLADYS McGRATH

CANNON BALL



The Bohemian Club

Members

VIRGINIA BLAND.....	"Gin"
ETHEL DAVIS.....	"Mike"
RUTH GILL.....	"Rufus"
ELIZABETH HEADLEY.....	"Liz"
ELEANOR HEPLER.....	"Nell"
MARTIE KIRWAN.....	"Baby"
PAULINE LOGWOOD.....	"Polly"
LUCILLE OVERSTREET.....	"'Cille"
MYRTLE SHARPE.....	"Jo"
FRONIE WELLS.....	"No More"
MABEL WRIGHT.....	"Mabe"



Washington and Wilson, Presidents



TO-DAY the eyes of our nation—and of the world, for that matter—are turned toward the man who pilots our ship of state. Never in the short history of our national life has the United States faced a greater crisis, and never has a president since Lincoln had the making of so much world history as the man who now holds the presidential office—Woodrow Wilson. Upon him has fallen the task of guiding our country, and as we look at him our thoughts naturally turn back—even the more readily with the approach of the month of February—to the man whose birthday we celebrate on the twenty-second of that month—to the man who afterwards became the first president of our fair land.

Since the time of the administration of our first president there have come innumerable changes in ideas, thoughts, and social customs in the entire life of the nation. It is then a little difficult to compare the questions which the two presidents had to face. But, while we can not compare the details of the two administrations, we can at least compare the characters, the principles of action, the general course which they followed in the management of affairs.

George Washington was a man of a high character—a noble son of that noble State, Virginia. He was not highly educated, as we use the term now, but he was well versed in the fundamentals, and he truly had a “liberal education.” Washington was a kind friend and a very pleasant companion. His standards of right and wrong were very high. In his quiet, calm way, Washington was a philanthropist. He was ever charitable. The poorest of the poor were treated as politely as the rich by him. The poor shared the hospitality of Mount Vernon equally with the great statesmen of the time. After all, Washington was a Christian gentleman.

Can we say less of Woodrow Wilson? He, too, is a Virginian, another son of whom she may justly be proud. He is, indeed, a university-bred man. His character is, so far as we know or can judge, irreproachable. He has proven himself a popular favorite. Surely if he had not possessed those qualities of nobleness, of uprightness, of charitableness, of democratic feeling



itself, which made Washington great, the people of our Republic would never have had him as their leader for four years and then reelected him for a second term of four years. He, too, is a Christian gentleman, which is, indeed, after all is said and done, the highest tribute we can pay to the character of any man.

So now we come to compare their work as presidents. It is impossible for us to compare the two administrations detail for detail. We can only try to form a general idea of their principles, of the ideals which were their guiding stars.

In the administrations of both Washington and Wilson the problems which they had to face may be grouped under two general heads, namely: the foreign and the internal. First, let us take the internal affairs. To Washington fell the task of so marshaling his forces that he might hold together the weak forces of the new country, that he might keep them united, for there was even talk of secession at times, until they grew to realize the fact that in union there is strength. But not only must he quell dissensions, he must provide for the general welfare. This he did ably by the use of every means of progress which he could grasp—by ministering to his people by laws of every sort, by supplying their minds with food through the proper educational channels. The cabinet which he grouped around him were broad-minded, intelligent men, the most fitted and able representatives of the country to minister to its needs.

Now, while there is so much strife outside our country, it is doubly the task of President Wilson to keep our country together as one whole—to keep the people back of him in one great, united body. While there is so much difficulty in all sorts of foreign communication, it is more than ever important that we have general welfare provided for by every precaution possible by the careful regulation of all internal affairs. This our president has attempted, and so far he has succeeded. Like Washington, he has gathered about him the ablest men of our country—the men most intelligent as regards her various needs—and, with these well-chosen assistants, directs our country to the best possible advantage.

It seems to us, however, that in foreign affairs the likeness is even more marked. The one great question which has risen preëminently above all others in the present administration is the War in Europe. How quickly our



minds go back to the years just following the establishment of the American Nation—the United States—when Washington was confronted with a war in Europe. We read the papers of to-day and the history of a century and a quarter ago, and one word stands out clearly from all the rest—the word neutrality. That was the great problem which faced us in the beginning of our nation's history, and that is the problem we must face to-day. When we think of the mighty effort Wilson has made to keep the peace and still preserve strict neutrality on the part of the United States, amid the fiercest sort of opposition, we can not help but think of the course which George Washington, our first president, pursued in a like situation, steadfastly, amid the terrible opposition that was aroused by his ratification of the Jay treaty. Both men said: "Keep the peace, and fight only when the honor of the country and the good of humanity are at stake." Both men of a large, broad vision, they looked beyond the immediate end and saw the distant goal—the good of humanity.

In the foreign policy of these two presidents we see the big idea of all their diplomacy—*Americanism*. It is for the sake of the Union that these two great sons of hers have done their work. For her good and preservation the one fought then, the other struggles now. And in like situations we see them pursue their courses for the good of America. For the good of this Union of ours they shaped their whole policy—both internal and foreign. But even more than this, they are true Americans themselves. Washington says, in regard to his foreign policy (and he ably represents Wilson, too): "In a word, I want an American character, that the powers of Europe may be convinced that we act for ourselves and not for others."

Truly, there are great men in every age—great Americans, if you please. Washington and Wilson, the first and the last in our long presidential line, stand easily among the greatest men—of America and of the world. We see the political ideals of both Washington and Wilson expressed in his definition of what it is to be an American:

"Is it not to have an abiding and moving faith in the future and in the destiny of America? Is it not to have a high conception of what this great, new country should be, and to follow out that ideal with loyalty and with truth?"

G. V. M., '17.

February 21, 1917.



A Midnight Feast

A box of crackers and some cheese,
A crowd of girls . . . a great big sneeze—
Snickers and giggles—then a muffled warning,
Too late—their names go down for Monday morning.

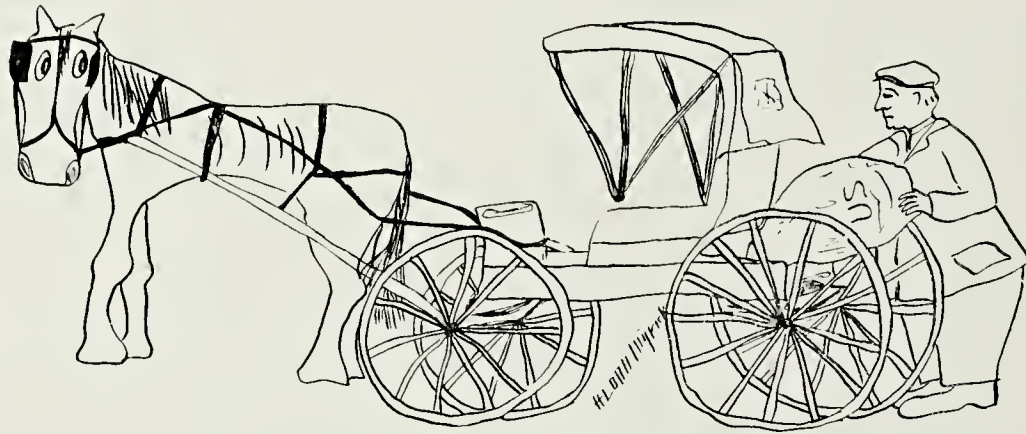
DEY.



Echo

*As Echo was given the punishment of always having the last word,
So in this Department we endeavor to give you the last word—
But not as a punishment.*

CANNON BALL



This is the picture of the one-horse shay,
In which we travel day by day.
It doesn't matter if we have friends,
Cousin, brother, or beau,
They are packed in the shackley, weather-beaten rig,
And off to the station they go.

Swinging and leaning around the corners,
Bumping from side to side;
And before they get to the station
They'd rather walk than ride.
But hurrah! for Mr. Bennett,
The owner of the shay;
The ever-willing driver,
Who is always bright and gay.

Z. E. T.



Can You Imagine?

- Miss Hoffman wearing a No. 2 shoe?
- Miss Wilson anything but neat?
- Miss Stoakley giving a lecture?
- Miss Nash in a middy blouse?
- Dr. C—— forgetting to send a written lesson?
- Mrs. Hite advertising “flesh reducer”?
- Mr. Bennett with a full suit of hair?
- Miss Redd in a black empire dress?
- Miss Burton without her checked coat?
- Miss Lee standing by the “Wells”?
- Miss L. Cannon not meeting a class?
- Miss Benson dreaming in class?
- Miss Watkins weighing 250?
- Miss Faw matron at a military school?
- Miss Stuart giving a written lesson?
- Miss Moss joining a minstrel show?
- Miss Ritchie walking less than 25 miles per hour?

CANNON BALL

She mounted upon the desk,
 Full of life and girlish vim,
 All the lamps and gas to light,
 All the dirty wicks to trim.
 When suddenly her foot slipped,
 She landed on her chin;
 And for many days after,
 Miss Robertson (the unfortunate)
 looked rather thin.

Z. E. T.



HOUGH



We heard a rumbling in the hall,
 Right beside our door,
 I tell you the noise was terrible
 To be on Miss Hoffman's floor.
 We peeped out thru' the keyhole,
 And saw a wondrous sight!
 Miss Hoffman in the garbage can,
 All screaming in a fright.
 She struggled and swiftly kicked
 Before she climbed out;
 But to the great surprise of all
 She's able still to go about.

Z. E. T.



Jokes

MISS C. (in History): Who was Minerva?

M. ORTON (waving frantically): I know; she was William Greene Hill's aunt.

MISS WATKINS (in English): Who wrote the first novel?

COLLEGE SENIOR: Robinson Crusoe.

EMMA C. (about to have picture taken): O Miss Ritchie, I have on white hose and they should be black!

MISS RITCHIE: Oh! never mind, they'll take black in the picture.

MISS BURTON (in Chemistry): Eunice, how do you make carbon monoxide?

EUNICE S.: You make it by ox—ox—some kind of acid and "consecrated" sulphuric acid.

MISS BENSON (in English): All those that are not present please remain after class.



B. C. G. Logic

1. A cannon is a great gun.
Our president is a Cannon.
Therefore our president is a great gun.
2. A pain (Payne) is a dreadful misery.
Miss Gladys is a Payne (pain).
Therefore Miss Gladys is a dreadful misery.
3. Red(d) is a flaming color.
Miss Bruce is a Red(d).
Therefore Miss Bruce is a flaming color.
4. Moss is a cellular plant.
Miss Annie is a Moss.
Therefore Miss Annie is a cellular plant.
5. A wolf is a carnivorous animal.
Mary is a Wolf.
Therefore Mary is a carnivorous animal.
6. A marsh is a damp, swampy place.
Marjorie is a Marsh.
Therefore Marjorie is a damp, swampy place.
7. A salmon is a fish.
Bessie is a Salmon(s).
Therefore Bessie is a fish.
8. A goslin is a young goose.
Isabelle is a Goslin.
Therefore Isabelle is a young goose.
9. A pond is a small body of water.
Lucille is a Pond.
Therefore Lucille is a small body of water.
10. A page is one side of a leaf.
Martha is a Page.
Therefore Martha is one side of a leaf.

E. HEPLER.

CANNON BALL



1

It was on a beautiful evening,
The wind was blowing hard,
When right across the cow-lot fence
Leaped a boy into our yard.
He hid behind the telephone posts,
Which could not hide him half,
And to see the fellow crouching there
Made all the teachers laugh.

2

He had seen the note fluttering
And waving in the air.
"For crap's sake throw it!"
Was his earnest plea and prayer.
Soon it came down to him,
And lay there on the ground;
As soon as he had picked it up
He heard the pistol sound.

3

Leaping over the fences,
With the swiftness of a dart,
He hollered to his comrades:
"It's a note from my sweetheart."
He reached his destination,
Happy, yet full of fear;
But he'd have gladly risked his life
For a note from his damsel dear.

4

The scene was very comic,
Full of fun as well as pity.
And to watch that boy over fences roll
Would have turned your head right giddy.
So thus the story's ended
Of that strange romantic day,
And B. M. A. and B. C. G.
Were prominent in the play.

Z. E. T.



Jokes

TEACHER: Myrtle, what did the Israelites do after they had crossed the Red Sea?

MYRTLE: Don't know, but I guess they put on dry clothes.

WILMA: We had the most interesting spelling-match to-day!

AMELIA: In what?

GENTLEMAN: What modern languages did you study while at B. C.?

B. C. GRADUATE: Only Latin and French.

FONTIE BROWN: Miss Watkins graduated near my home.

ANNE B.: Where?

FONTIE: Lewisburg Cemetery.

MISS C.: How could Queen Elizabeth have named the colony Virginia after herself when her name was Elizabeth?

PUPIL: Well, her name was Elizabeth Virginia.

TEACHER: What was the constitution of Clarendon, and what were the provisions?

PUPIL: It was south of London, and provisions were scarce.



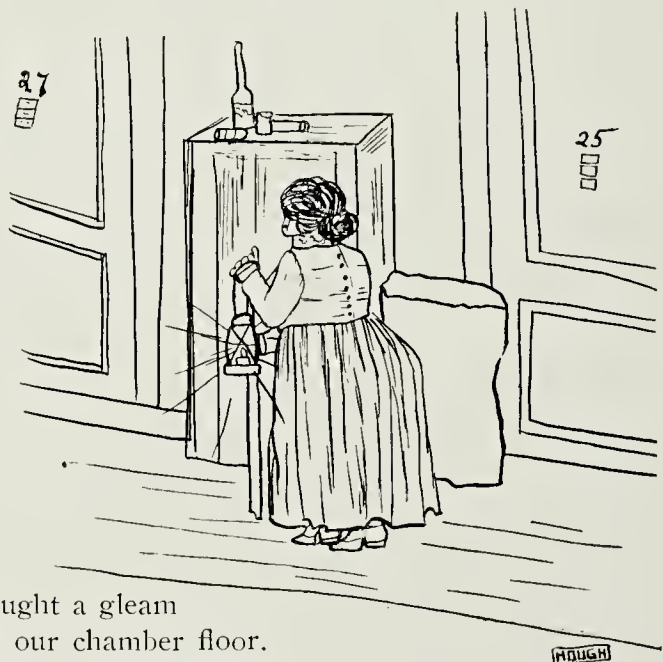
Isn't It Thrilling

- When we have ice-cream for dinner?
- When Miss Stoakley doesn't meet Pedagogy?
- When we have a public night?
- When we wear our blue hats?
- When the lights go out?
- When we have a rainy Sunday?
- When you get a check from home?
- When we get a lecture on etiquette?
- When Bible doesn't meet?
- When we go to town on Thursday?
- When the six-thirty gong rings?
- When you get left at breakfast?
- When we have a holiday?
- When you are caught cutting?
- When your "cousin" wants you at the phone?
- When the Monday-school list is read?
- When you lose your frat pin?

CANNON BALL

Midnight

Once upon a midnight dreary,
While we pondered weak and weary,
Over many a quaint and curious problem
We had tackled days before.
While we pondered nearly napping,
Suddenly there came a tapping,
As of some one gently rapping,
Rapping at our chamber door.
" 'Tis Miss Hoffman," we all muttered,
Only she and nothing more.



But, alas! we caught a gleam
Thrown across our chamber floor.
"Be silent! hush!" we all whispered,
"Miss Nash is at our door."
We struggled noisily to our places,
Turned out the light and hopped in bed.
But, alas! the act was rather late,
For Miss Lucy Nash said:

"What's the meaning of all this?
Stop your noise and go to sleep;
If I have to come to this door again
To Monday school you all will creep."
We went to bed all in a hurry,
And soon were loudly snoring.
She hung her lantern on her arm,
And on the hall kept going.

Z. E. T.



Jokes

VIRGINIA MEADE: Who wrote that book?

SENIOR: It is anonymous.

VIRGINIA: I don't believe I've ever read any of his books.

MARTHA: Callie, don't you know you should be in Study Hall? What are you cutting?

CALLIE (very busy): My finger-nails, that is all.

MISS C. (in History): Who was king during this period?

NELLIE T. (waving frantically): I know; Queen Anne.

MISS LEE (teaching Science): Tell how caves were formed.

PUPIL: Well—ah—they were formed from their ancestors.

MYRTLE: Virginia, don't you wish I'd get my box this afternoon? I'm so hungry, I know I would croak!

VIRGINIA: I know I would choke.

The printers get all the money,
The college gets all the fame;
But if anything goes lacking,
The staff gets all the blame.

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Afterword

Can we send this book to press
Until this we say?
Right here and now we do express
Thanks for all help. We would repay
All assistance giv'n gladly
In times we needed it so badly.
Now—farewell, *vale!*



Charon

*Charon ferried his human freight to the land of death,
So we have striven, not to bring thee to that shore,
But across the Sea of Time to take thee
To the land where pleasant memories dwell.*



*As the flower-bedecked maiden of old sounded forth the praises of nature's gods,
So the Advertisers of to-day blazon forth the merits of their goods.*

Established 1894



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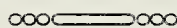
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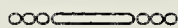
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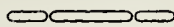
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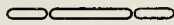


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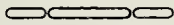
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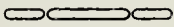
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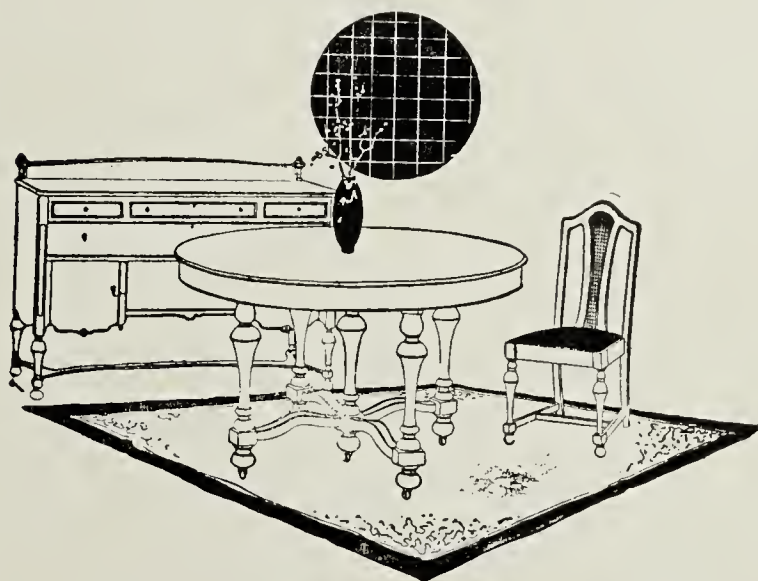
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